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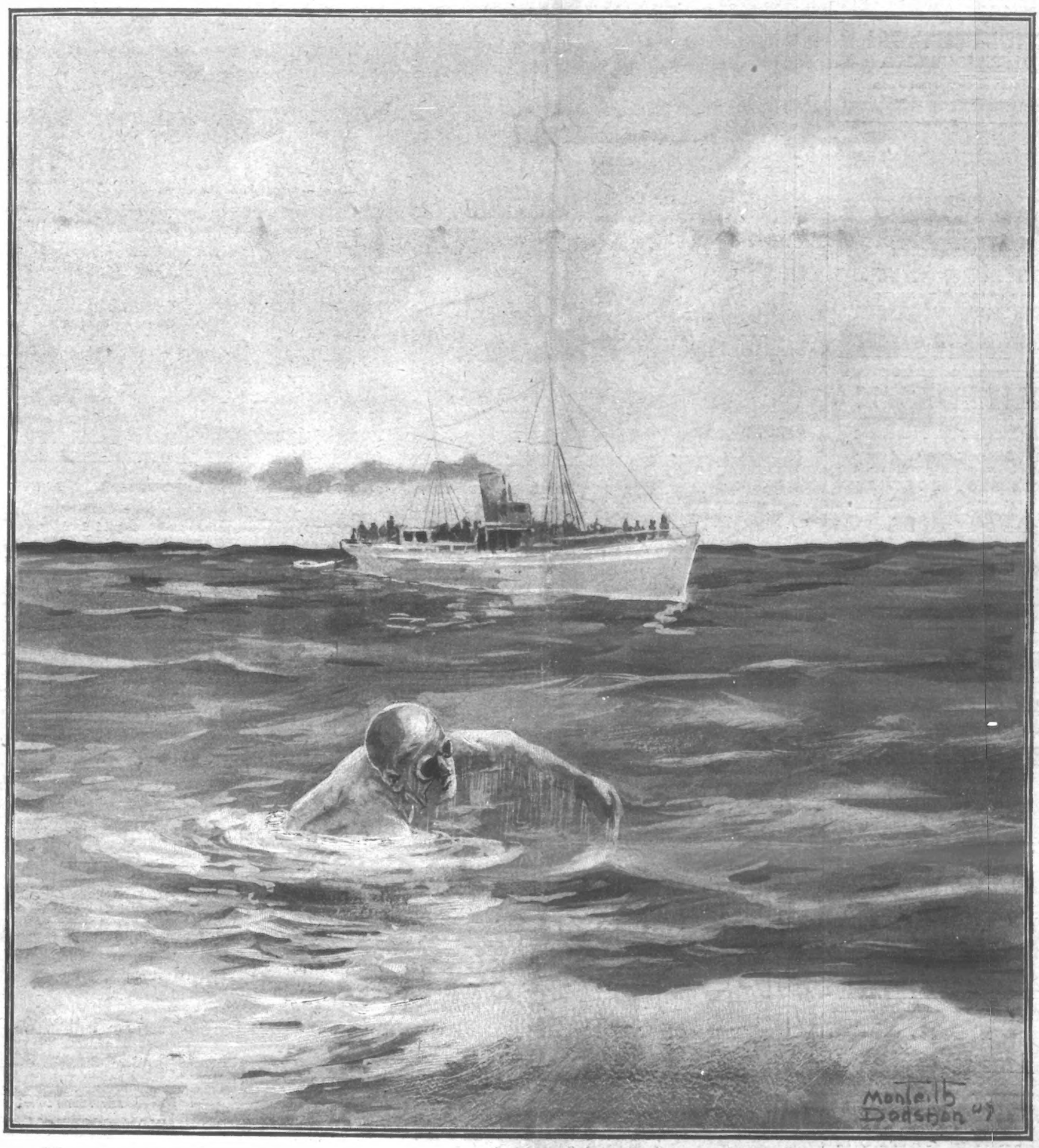

WOLFFE FAILS TO SWIM THE CHANNEL.

Jabez Wolffe, the Scottish amateur champion, made a fine effort on Monday to swim the English Channel. He is thirty years of age, and weighs 14 st. 6 lb. He swims the left over-arm stroke with a very powerful leg action. He wore movable goggles for the protection of his eyes. He was in splendid condition when he started. The sea was smooth at the start, and there was scarcely any wind. Wolffe had the flood tide for nearly an hour, and started with twenty-eight strokes to the minute. At five o'clock he was half-way across the Channel in an excellent position, with every hope of success, but the English and French land had become obscured in a very thick haze. The sea was smooth, and Wolffe took food regularly every hour, the solid food being chiefly chicken with some fruit and chocolate. During the sixth hour he complained of indigestion. Despite his fine progress, however, Wolffe was compelled to abandon his plucky attempt after covering twenty-one miles. He will make a second attempt, should he feel fit, shortly after we go to press. "P.I.P.'s" best wishes go with him.

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TEETHING

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

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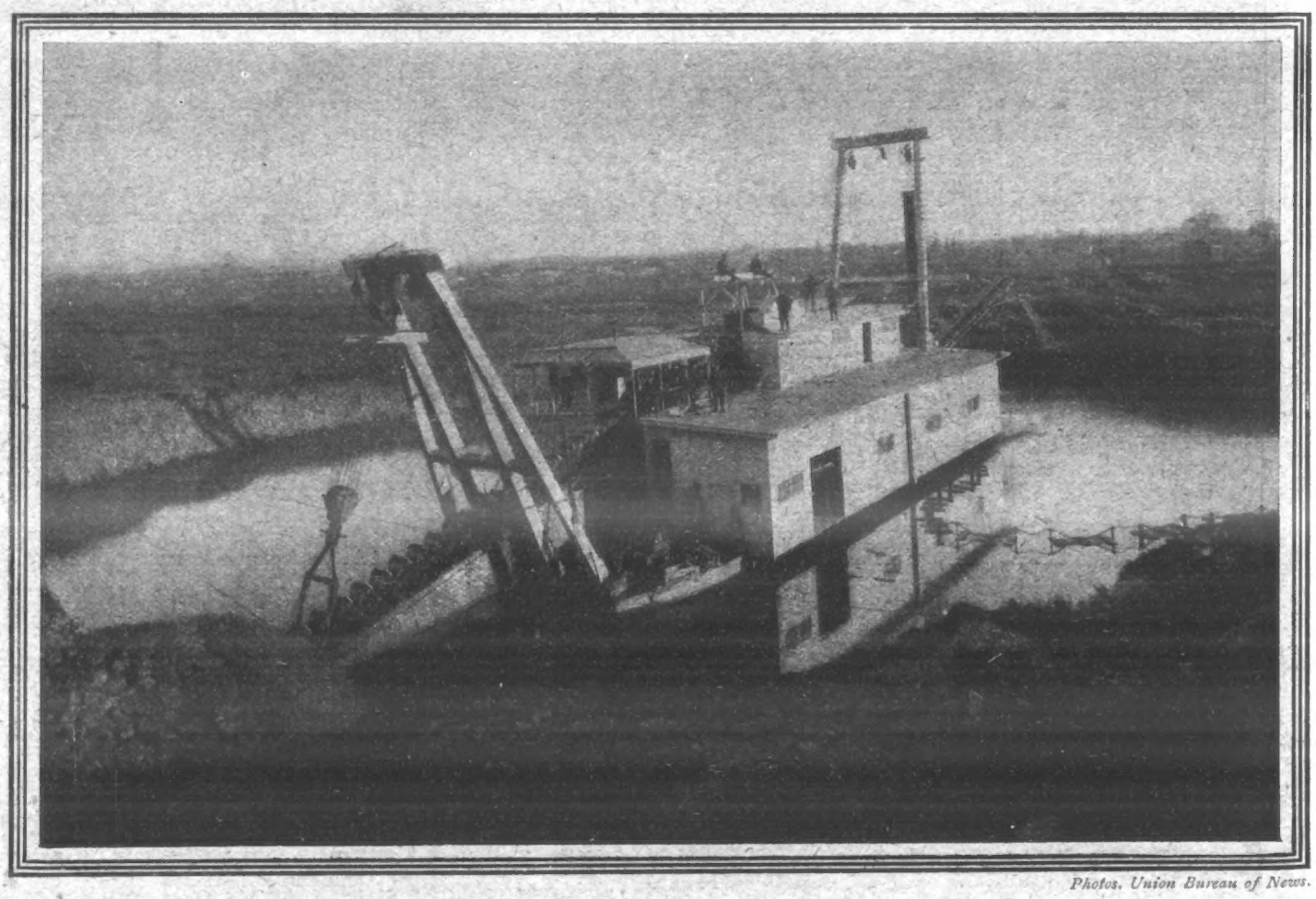
A SHIP THAT CARRIES ITS OWN SEA.

Nature Killed by Machinery.

DREDGING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

THE GOLD-DREDGER AT WORK. (NOTE THE SAND-PUMP (X) BEHIND THROWING OUT A STREAM OF SAND AND WATER.)

Where the heap of stone-débris lies there were green fields before the passing of the gold-dredger.



Photos. Union Bureau of News.

EATING UP ORCHARDS FOR GOLD: THE NEW SHIP OF THE DESERT CUTTING ITS OWN CHANNEL THROUGH PRETTY COUNTRY DISTRICTS IN ITS MISSION FOR GOLD.

Thirty-five of these strange ships are devouring the land in California. They are used to extract the last precious grains of gold in old mining districts, and they leave behind them waste land upon which not even the prairie cactus will grow. The craft presents a strange spectacle as it puffs slowly along, eating up orchards and vineyards. It stands in a pool of water fed from a stream which may be yards or miles away. As it advances its artificial lake follows. The dredger is in the forecastle, whence the soil passes into the body of the ship, where the gold is separated by a stream of water. The mud and rock is then cast out from a trough slanted aft. Two men can work the dredger at full power, and twenty-four hours' labour of the machine is equal to that of five thousand men and carts. The dredger closes up the ground behind it as it advances.

CHAPTER II.—*(Continued.)*

SINCE that first appearance away from London I have frequently played in the provinces, and I must confess that, personally speaking, I have invariably found provincial audiences just too sweet for words. Still, I now know many actors and actresses who have the strongest objection to leaving London if they can possibly help it. Why, I simply can't understand—but still I suppose it is only natural that different people should have different likes and dislikes.

Of course, to those who are playing leading parts, leaving home and London either to tour from week to week or appear for any length of time in the provinces does not mean any particular hardship; but, on the other hand, "professionals" who are only playing "thinking parts," which do not carry with them very generous remuneration, find it very difficult sometimes to procure comfortable "diggings" at the modest rental they can afford.

Thus, I remember an actress who appeared at Manchester in my first pantomime telling me that she was unwise enough to engage rooms by letter without first seeing them, as the wording of the advertisement, "replete with every home comfort," sounded alluring in the extreme to a "stranger in the land." However, on her arrival, she found that the much-vaunted "home comforts" of the bedroom merely consisted of a broken-down bedstead, a very rickety and none too cleanly wash-hand-stand, and a cane chair, the bottom of which was a veritable object-lesson in ventilation, while the panes of the window were all broken, letting in the wind and the rain in quite a wholesale manner.

On remonstrating with her landlady, who was most indignant at being told that the rooms were quite uninhabitable, she received an injured reply to the effect that these particular rooms had been patronised by all the leading actors and actresses in England for many years past, "while," added the untruthful hostess, "Sir 'Enry Irving told me himself that he 'ad never slept in such nice 'airy' apartments." "Airy apartments," forsooth! Well, seemingly some provincial landladies are not far behind Ananias from the standpoint of untruthfulness.

Fortunately, my lot in life on the stage has, perhaps, run smoothly, for I have never felt any of the inconveniences such as I have described, but this particular anecdote has always impressed itself upon me, as, you see, it occurred the first time I had ever left my home, and one's first experiences away from home, I think, always stand out clearly, don't you?

By-the-bye, it was in "Red Riding Hood" that I first received an anonymous present from a stranger in the audience. It consisted of a box of particularly nasty chocolates; but to me, in my childish delight at what I considered unexampled kindness, the chocolates seemed the nicest ever made; though, I regret to say, that I and two other children finished the whole lot in less than half an hour. But "it 's an ill-wind that blows no one any good"—anyway, the local doctor benefited by my indiscretion.

CHAPTER III.

I PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE WITH MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—A PERIOD OF REAL HARD WORK—MY FIRST ADMIRER.

AFTER coming back from my first pantomime, I returned to school once more and, for two whole months, without interruption of any sort, I studied the usual lessons a child has to learn, while, in addition, I daily practised singing and dancing and elocution. So that, at all events, even when I was very young I cannot be accused of having led an idle life.

Ever since my first appearance on the stage I always cherished a secret ambition to play at the St. James's Theatre with Mr. George Alexander, whom I thought was quite the most wonderful actor the world had ever seen. Thus, when in April of 1901, I was offered an engagement to appear with Mr. Alexander in "The Wilderness," I almost went mad with joy, for in my wildest dreams I had never imagined that such good fortune would fall to my lot, at any rate not for years and years. I played the part of one of the two children in Mr. Haddon Chambers' popular piece, and here again I met Miss Eva Moore and Master Vivian Thomas, while I should also like to mention that delightful actress, Miss Le Thiere, who was most tremendously kind to me and helped me in a thousand and one ways.

By-the-way, I wonder if people, not actually members of the theatrical profession, ever realise how frightfully hard an actor-manager has to work? In most cases he carries about three parts of the play on his own shoulders, while he has not only to study his own part, but he also has to contend with the troubles incidental to stage management and general supervision, so that his position is altogether different from that of a man who has merely to perform his part as written by the author.

On the first night of "The Wilderness," youngster as I was, I could not help admiring the extraordinary manner in which Mr. Alexander seemed to keep personal control of every little detail "behind the scenes." Just before he went on I was standing in the passage close to the wings all alone when Mr. Alexander passed, and although he must have been frightfully preoccupied and worried he still found time to stop and speak to poor insignificant little me. "Now, little lady," he said kindly, as he lent down and put his hand on my shoulder, "you must not look so worried, for there 's nothing for you to be nervous about." "But aren't you nervous?" I asked, for he seemed to have such a lot to do, and everyone seemed to be coming to him for help and encouragement. A half-smile came over his face, and he said, very quietly, "Well, now I come to think of it, perhaps I am—just a little." "Then you mustn't be," I replied, meaning to try and cheer him up, which, of course, was very silly of me, for how could anything a little girl like I said help anybody, "for you have got nothing to be nervous about, because I know the piece will be a success."

I don't know whether it was the utter incongruity of a mere nobody like myself trying to smooth over for him the worries of a first night; but, anyway, Mr. Alexander picked me up and kissed me just as if I had been his own little girl, saying, oh so kindly, "Thank you, little woman, you've done me a lot of good." I never felt so proud in my life before, and when I heard my cue to go on the stage I did not feel the tiniest bit in the world afraid. If only managers could realise the amount of encouragement given by a few words of sympathy from them they would—well—never forget to give them!

After playing in "The Wilderness" for several months, in December of 1901 I went to the Vaudeville, under the management of Messrs. Gatti. The kindness of Mr. Stephano Gatti I shall always bear in mind with the deepest sense of gratitude, but we were to meet later, so more of that anon. I had quite a small part in the play, which was that enormous success "Blue Bell in Fairyland," as I was cast as one of Miss Ellaline Terriss's little sisters. However, although I never played the part, I was honoured by being chosen as Miss Terriss's understudy.

During the run of this play I think, perhaps, I went through one of the hardest times of my life, for it was so popular that matinées were general, while I also had a certain Swiss governess, part of whose duty it was to take me to and from the theatre. Not content with my ordinary lessons, my governess, however, used to seize every opportunity of driving a little knowledge of some sort or other into me, and so, whether we journeyed by train or 'bus, she was always making me learn something. It appears, too, that my doctor—I'll never forgive that doctor!—had told her I was to take walking exercise and get as much air as possible. The result was, that between the performances, I was nearly walked to a shadow, while, all the time, the good Fräulein endeavoured to impart words of wisdom to me at about the same speed as the crack motorists go round the racing track at Brooklands when they put on "the top speed" on their racing cars.

No, I don't think any child has ever worked quite so hard as I did at this time. Morning, noon, and night I was hard at it, and when I was not poring over ordinary lessons I was either studying singing and dancing or being "trained to a shadow" on a protracted course of walking by that Swiss governess, who, if she had been a race-horse, would surely have won the Gold Cup at Ascot, for she literally "stayed for ever"—and she didn't stay too long in the same place, either. Still, all the same, I was quite fond of her, as she was always kind, thoughtful, and patient with me. Now, I believe, she is married. It would be interesting to hear what her husband thinks of walking exercise. He should be an authority on the subject, anyway.

(To be continued.)

Miss Phyllis Dare when she was playing in "Bluebell in Fairyland," at the Vaudeville Theatre, in 1901.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should We Have Better Homes?

FOR.

THE "housing problem" is working itself to a solution in the best possible manner for all concerned, and the time will come when the overcrowding and unhealthy conditions which prevailed as one of the most serious disgraces to a civilised nation will have altogether disappeared.

Self-respect has become our foremost virtue of the day, and self-respecting men and women must live in homes that preserve self-respect, and enable them to hold their heads high in the world. There is no longer any reason why what has been commenced in the direction of improving our homes should not be carried out, and the old, poverty-stricken, dingy abodes and cheerless tenement-buildings give place generally to houses in keeping with a well-educated, refined race of workers, who can appreciate the value of those refinements which were at one period reserved entirely for the satisfaction of the upper classes.

We utterly condemn the idea that, because a man turns his hand to hard, useful work, because he may have to soil his hands and his clothes in carrying on his trade, he should be expected to drag out a gloomy existence in a gloomy building and a still more gloomy street. In that way misery lies. It is useless to argue that because a man chooses to emerge from his work and become a self-respecting citizen, he is taking a rank above his station. We have on all sides proof to the contrary—proof that the worker can live in a home that he and his family have made beautiful, and be a healthier, happier, and wiser being in consequence.

Why should inventions and contrivances of every kind devised for increasing the comforts and luxuries of life be reserved solely for the rich? Why should the rich man have a bath-room and the comparatively poor man a sink?

Why Should the Working Man be Compelled to Spend His Home Hours in the Kitchen,

and the wealthy man lolling in his drawing-room? The obvious answer is, because the rich man can dip into a deep pocket and the poor man cannot; but this is exactly where the lack of logic lies in tackling the housing problem. In proportion to his wage as against the income of the wealthier man, the worker is quite capable of paying for more than the blessing of a roof over his head, and it is good for him that he should have a home in which he can feel an honest pride, which his wife can take a pride in keeping up and making tasteful, and in which his children can be brought up in a way that will let sunshine into their lives.

There is nothing "upstart" in a desire for the universal provision of such homes. It is the natural outcome of the advance of intelligence among the working classes and an advance in their capacity for refined recreation and well-spent home lives. The married couple who have a cosy little home filled with objects that bring colour into daily existence have one of the surest aids to ambition and a steady desire to rise in life that they could possibly possess. Many a man has owed his advance in life to the care and pride he has shown in his home, for, after all,

The Home is the Key to the Character of Those who Dwell in It.

If we could see every worker in a home worthy of his best ideas, we should be on the threshold of one of the greatest social improvements the world has known. Much has undoubtedly been done to better the dwellings of the worker, but too much is left yet to be done, and many of the buildings which have been put up seem to have been designed by those who, to say the least of it, have a very poor opinion of what the working man is capable of appreciating in his home. The spirit that anything is good enough for the worker still exists to a lamentable degree. Even the most modern of tenement buildings are carried out on a system which leaves a great deal to be desired; while as to appearance, their only characteristic is ugliness. The working man is given ugliness on the assumption that he cannot understand beauty. Yet how is it that the working classes are among the most ready to appreciate the finest public buildings and works of art? And in those quarters in which "artistic homes" are built for families of small means, are they not snapped up almost before the scaffolding has been taken down? Better homes, and more of them, has become one of the most keenly felt wants of their day. The time has passed when the hole-and-corner existence was endured by thousands of human beings in town and cities all over England. The worker, with his better knowledge of sanitation, needs air for his lungs, space for the muscles of his children, and surrounded affected with the scourge of vanity, and mistake for ambition a mean-spirited desire to outdo their neighbours in "cutting a dash"—in inviting people to gaze at, envy, and admire the display of prosperity in the front parlour while they starve in the kitchen.

The worker who earns twenty-five shillings, thirty shillings, or two pounds a week is no longer content with a cottage or a town crib. He must have a "villa"—a "desirable v l'a," which, being interpreted in truthful language, means a jerry-built structure with about as much real comfort as a dog-kennel. Perhaps we should say that, personally, the worker would be very well content with two or three comfortable rooms;

A False Standard of Life has been Set Up

and he is obliged to "go with the times" or see himself slighted and despised. These "better homes" that are being run up by the gambling, speculating builder in every direction, are making it almost impossible for the worker to live in real enjoyment of his income. Rent has become an ever-growing burden. There are hundreds of prosperous-looking streets in which the inhabitants are the slaves of a landlord, toiling and striving that they may be ready for the rent-book each week, and carry on the make-belief that they are people of substance.

This is what better homes really means to millions of men at the present moment. How many families who are leading an existence which is, in truth, "bare," so far as their needs of personal well-being are concerned, ever think of making the experiment of moving into less expensive homes? For some extraordinarily mistaken reason, it has come to be regarded as almost a noble thing to spend nearly half a weekly wage on rent. The writer knows of many cases in which men earning twenty-five shillings a week are paying out ten in rent! It sounds almost incredible, but the reader knows very well that it is an undeniable fact.

SHOULD WE HAVE BETTER HOMES?

ings generally which are in accordance with his improved outlook on life; while he wishes to participate in such little comforts and aids to ease and relaxation which not so very long ago would have been laughed at in connection with those whose lives do not, for the greater part, rest in soft places. And these things cannot be attained while there is any doubt cast on the need of better homes.

AGAINST.

It is not only the rich at the present day who can be accused of living above their means. There is a growing number of men, and women too, who, if not actually spending more than they earn, are pinching in one direction in order that they may pay away in another without proportion to the amount of their income.

A large percentage of wage-earners are but his family would not. They are in the grip of the social improvement mania; their burning desire is to be "just as good" as their neighbours. Not, mind you, to eat better beef and drink better ginger-beer, but to own a suite of drawing-room furniture, and hang up a set of lace curtains which are not outmatched next door (either way) or across the road. This is the guiding principle that runs through the lives of those who declare for better homes in every direction but that of sound, solid comfort.

If next door blossoms out into an Axminster carpet there is nothing for it but to struggle, push, and pinch until an Axminster is laid down at the price of some real need. If next-door-but-one beams forth with a magnificent hatstand, flashing with brass and glass, there is no rest for the worker, no place to hang his hat until the hall-door can be left accidentally open all day long to reveal to next-door-but-one, and the entire street that there is a flashing, dashing hat-stand within.

What can the sensible, level-headed worker do? It is all very well to tell him to put down his foot and shut his fist—with his wages within.

At this Price, do we Need Better Homes?

No, from the common-sense point of view, we want worse homes. We need dwellings for the workers that are within the workers' means. We do not want outward show—stucco French-windows, bottle-glass doors, art wall-papers, and an empty larder. We require to see the worker given a home at a rent which he can afford; where he can lay out his money in the real improvement of his position and the position of his family. The landlord will tell him that he is wrong; he is answering his plea by running up clap-trap "model residences" and by pulling down the houses in which he once lived happily, although they may have lacked every one of the "modern improvements" which are now considered indispensable. It is all to the interest of the builder and the landlord to encourage this craze for better homes. And matters will not rest as they are at present. Rents are going up all round. What some are pleased to call "mean streets" are being swept away to make room for houses that will bring in higher rents.

Where will it end? In years to come the small wage-earner will be homeless, unless he parts with the best part of his earnings to the landlord, who has him at his mercy. A good deal is done to help the worker at the present day, but no hand is put forward to protect him from being rendered homeless through the crafty wiles of those who are taking "improvement" as their gospel, and preaching the working man into a miserable, lean existence, under the pretext of furnishing him with better homes, which he does not truly require, and has not the money to live in.

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MORE WORKHOUSE SCANDALS.

£20 BATHS IN HOMES FOR CHILDREN.

EXTRAORDINARY allegations were made at the opening of the Local Government Board inquiry into the financial affairs of the Mile End Old Town Board of Guardians last Monday.

Mr. F. J. Willis, Local Government Board inspector, explained the scope of the inquiry. He said that £197 had been surcharged to eleven guardians. That was a portion of a payment made to Mr. Calcott, the contractor, who was paid 1s. 6d. per square yard for work, although the architect for the guardians had certified the work at 1s. The auditor had disallowed the difference.

A second amount of £116 was for coal surcharged on five guardians. That was part of an amount paid to Mr. Joseph Cade, the contractor, for steam-coal, the guardians accepting a tender for 18s. 6d. per ton, in preference to a tender from a responsible firm for 16s. per ton.

Expensive Houses.

There was also the occupancy by the guardians since 1899 of certain houses, twenty-five in number, as homes for pauper children. In nine of them the leaseholds had been purchased by the guardians, and the others were held on a twenty-one years' lease.

In February last Mr. Thompson, an assistant-inspector, reported that the rents paid for some of the houses were considerably higher than those of similar houses adjoining, and that the majority were owned by ex-guardians or guardians' relations.

During the year ending Lady Day, 1906, the sum of £2258, or £86 per house, was spent for repairs and various work.

Mr. Calcott for many years had done all the painting and jobbing work for the guardians. Since March 1899 he had been paid £24,580.

During the last five and a half years, the average yearly expenditure on the houses had been greater than the net rent of the houses, and some of the work had been of an extravagant character, porcelain baths, for instance, being provided at a cost of £18 to £20 each.

Some other contracts, added the Inspector, might possibly have to be investigated

One Hundred per Cent. Profit.

Mr. Robb, who appeared on behalf of Stepney ratepayers, said the most serious matter for inquiry referred to the scattered homes for pauper children, of which ten had been purchased on leasehold, and the others were rented. In many instances the vendors were either actual guardians or ex-guardians or relatives of officials.

He drew attention to two houses in Tredegar Square, which were stated to have been purchased from Mr. Trafford for £300 per house. That was not true. Mr. Hyman Thiswich purchased them for that sum from Mr. Trafford, and sold them to the Guardians at a profit of 100 per cent.—£600 each.

The inquiry was adjourned.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

The Editor,

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172, Strand, London, W.C.

Mistakes Mothers Make.

JUST THE SAME AS WE HAVE OURSELVES!

"JUST the same as we have ourselves." How often are those words heard by every doctor in the land when the ill-health of little children compels their mothers to seek medical advice for their darlings, and the physician naturally inquires into the question of diet.

The tone in which the answer is given invariably proves conclusively that the mother thinks that the doctor is casting aspersions on the way she has treated her child, by not giving it enough good food. Unfortunately, a large number of mothers who are devoted to their little ones, and who would be willing to cut off their right hands to give their treasures a pleasure, have still much to learn on the subject of food and the feeding of infants, and are unaware of the fact that the food which they themselves eat and thrive on is just the sort of food which is the worst possible for their children, and in some cases is little short of poison.

"Poison!" It would seem the height of barefaced impertinence, were it not cruelty, to utter such a word in the presence of any mother of England who has gone down to the gates of death to have the glory of a little life placed in her hand. Unfortunately, however, circumstances justify only too forcibly the use of the word. No woman administers poison to her child wantonly or with malice aforethought. It is, however, often the result of ignorance, and when, as too often happens, the little one dies as the result of the treatment meted out to it in all kindness, no one is so full of grief as the broken-hearted mother.

Only a few days ago many of the papers reported the fact that a little child of two years had died in one of the London hospitals as the result of having been dosed with alcohol in such quantities that the child was absolutely drunk when it was taken in; and when the post-mortem examination was made to see what was the cause of death, its liver was found to be in exactly the same condition as that of a man who had died of drink.

Here was a clear case in which alcohol had been used with the most pernicious results, yet what mother, or for the matter of that, what father, would attempt to cast a stone at the unhappy parents who, no doubt in a sense of mistaken kindness, had given that little child strong drink with such lamentable results?

The beginning of such wrong treatment is so easy. The father or the mother is having a glass of beer with his or her meal, and nobody except a fanatical teetotaler would dream of quarrelling with such a course. The child, attracted by the bright golden colour—perhaps, too, by the nutty smell of the beer—points to it and stretches out its little hands. Its indulgent parents think that it would like to taste the liquid, and they give it a few sips. Next day the same thing is repeated, with the result that the child gets into the habit of being given "a sup of beer" whenever father or mother has a little. Naturally the alcohol makes the child drowsy, and very often, if it is given at supper-time, the child sleeps late, and so does not disturb its parents, who have been utterly worn out with a hard day's work. If this happens, it is quite easy for anyone to understand that the tired man or woman will go on giving the baby a little drink, believing that as it makes it sleep well it is bound to do the child good. As a matter of fact, however, it does any child an infinity of harm.

It would be most unfair, however, to let anyone run away with the idea that it is only people who are not educated in the ways of bringing up children who thus sin. Some doctors have been known to do the same thing, although nowadays most medical men declare that no baby ought ever to be given alcohol under any circumstances whatever. It by no means infrequently happens that when even young babies are not able to digest their food and it gives them pain, some doctors prescribe a drop or two of brandy every hour with a view to easing the pain. What happens is that after a certain number of doses the child becomes more or less drunk, and when it goes to sleep it sleeps the sleep of the drunkard, and wakes up worse than it was before, in the same way as the drunkard does. Of course, as the baby does not walk and cannot talk, it is unable to show the same symptoms of thick speech and rolling gait that a grown man does, but the fact remains that the doctor has, with the best intentions in the world, drugged the baby into drunkenness. Luckily, however, doctors' prescriptions do not ordinarily have to be followed for a very long time, and so no irremediable permanent damage results, as it does when beer or even sups of spirit are constantly given to tiny children.

The point cannot be too strongly laid down that no woman ought to give her child a drop of liquor except under stringent orders from the doctor, and then she ought to limit it strictly to the quantity prescribed by him, and continue the dose for only as long as he has ordered it.

When it comes to the question of actual food there are grave departures, whose one result is to cause the children to become white and wan and pasty-faced, to produce that disease of ill-nutrition which is universally known as rickets, and even to set up those still more serious illnesses which cause the death within a year of nearly half the children who are born into the world.

"Just the same as we have ourselves" is a phrase which has become engraved in the memory of the present writer ever since the days of his medical student career when he sat in the out-patient ward of his hospital and asked mothers innumerable on what they fed their children. Further inquiry brought out the fact that little babies even of three, four, five, or six months were given bread and butter, potatoes, greens, often a piece of bloater or kipper, a bit of bacon or beef, and pickles, and not infrequently also the "sup of beer," of which mention has already been made. Now, it may be laid down as the rule to which there is absolutely no exception, that, admirable as meat and pickles, potatoes, and pudding may be for a father or mother, they are the worst possible things for their baby. The reason is very simple, and there is a reason for everything in Nature. Grown men and women can, under ordinary circumstances, while they are healthy, digest meat and fish, potatoes and greens, tea and cheese, and all the other common articles of food. Their stomachs are strong enough to do this. The stomach of a little child, however, cannot. In just the same way as its little hands are too weak to hold a weight, and the muscles of its arm are not strong enough to enable it to wield a hammer, or to do the work of a grown man, so its stomach is not strong enough to digest the food of an adult. The proper food for a child under six months is milk. Only that and nothing more. Again the reason is very simple. The baby has no teeth, and milk does not require to be chewed. Any food which really requires to be chewed is not suitable for a child until it has teeth to chew with. Put that way, everyone will admit that it is reasonable and only common-sense that this should be so, for the reason we have teeth is simply that we may chew with them.

But though milk is the proper food of a child it does not follow that cow's milk is. Cow's milk was designed by Nature for the nourishment of the young of cows, which, at birth, are much stronger than the baby of a woman. The proper food for a baby Nature designed should be supplied by its mother. Human milk is not so strong as a cow's and it is much sweeter. It is only when a mother cannot nurse her own child that she should ever use cow's milk, and then it should be diluted with water and sweetened in certain proportions which the doctor who attends the mother at the birth of the child will tell her. One of the most beautiful things in Nature is that, as the child gets older, so, without any care or action on the part of its mother, does the natural food become stronger to meet the demands of its system.

It is only when a baby is eight or nine months old and its first few teeth have come that it has any saliva at all and may be permitted to suck a little bit of rusk. Again the reason is simple. Saliva is absolutely necessary to cause the starchy matter of which bread and rusks are composed to be digested, and until food can be digested, instead of doing good, it does harm, and any food which does harm practically becomes a poison. How much worse, then, is it for a baby to be given potatoes, which require to be chewed up a very great deal even by grown people before they may be digested, or greens, or cheese, or any of the other articles which are just what its father and its mother eat.

Every mother, therefore, who wants her baby to grow up well and strong—and what mother does not?—will do well to remember these facts, with this further additional one, that until a child is more than a year old, its chief, if not its only food should be milk. There is no fear that it will not thrive on that diet and get on as fast as it can. It will get on faster, because milk is its natural food. More than that, milk contains everything which is necessary for making blood and bone and muscle and sinew.

A grown man can live for an indefinite time on it alone, or on milk with the addition of a little bread. Only a few months ago an old lady died at the age of a hundred and five, who had for over forty years lived on nothing but milk and bread, and at her death her body was so well nourished that the doctor said it presented the appearance of a woman of thirty-five.

This being true, how much more likely is it that a baby will put on flesh on its natural diet than by being given food which it cannot by any possibility digest!

FROM WORKMAN TO MILLIONAIRE.

A ROMANTIC LIFE-STORY.

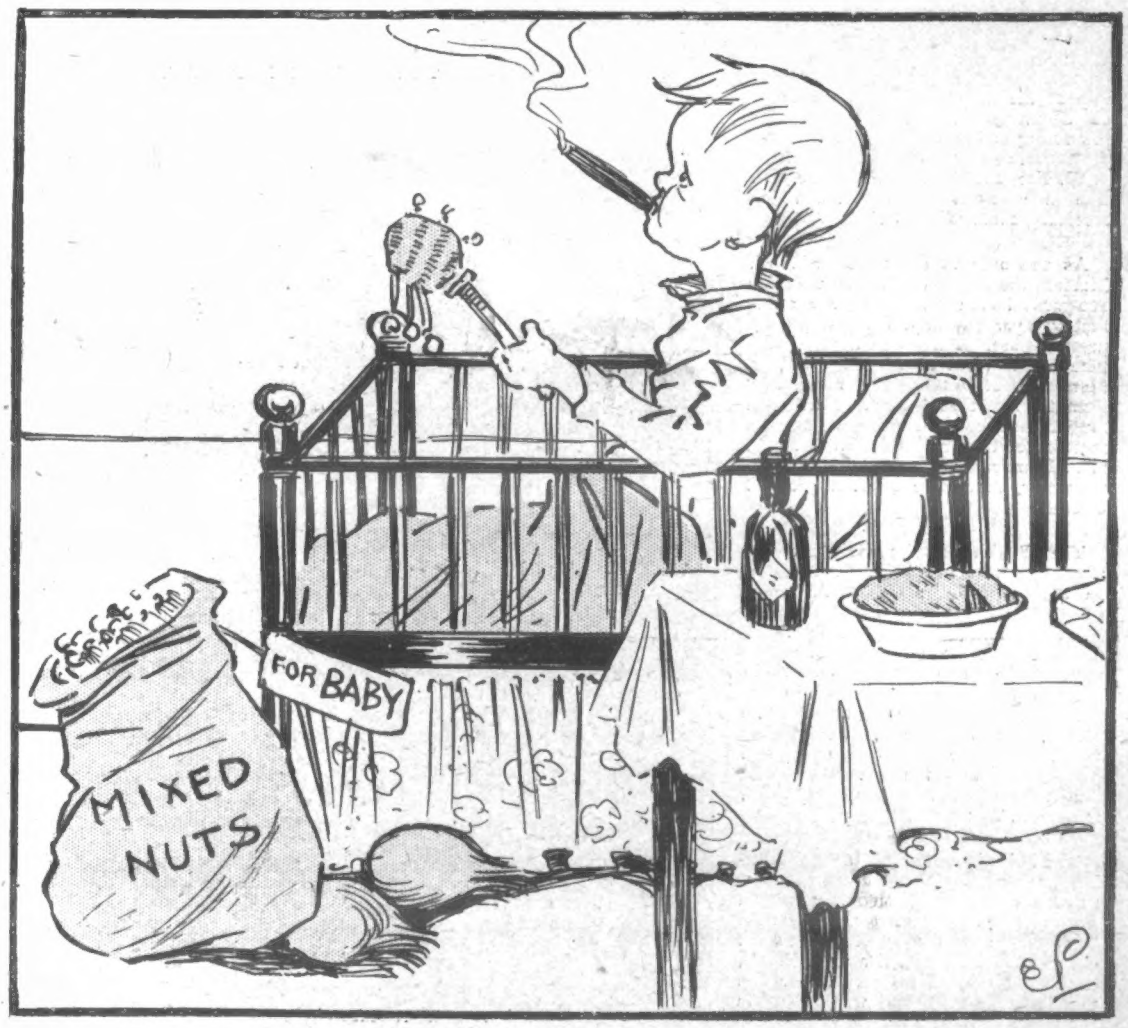
Mr. Robert Cain, the Liverpool brewer, who was buried last Monday, rose from the position of a working cooper to that of millionaire.

He was engaged at the age of twenty-seven to go to the west coast of Africa with supplies of hoops and staves, and to make them into casks for the conveyance of palm oil.

He purchased out of his savings, forty years ago, a public-house with a brewing plant, and left his wife in charge while he went to sea. He accumulated enough money after a few years to purchase two other houses, and then devoted himself to the business of brewing.

He became a millionaire five years ago, and though he was the owner of more hotels and public houses than any other firm in Liverpool, he was in the habit of overseeing his own premises, often turning up unexpectedly at five o'clock in the morning.

Readers when writing Advertisers should mention "P. I. P."



THERE ARE THINGS THAT A CHILD SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO DO.

Our Artist really considered that he had illustrated some of them when he executed the alleged drawing given above. Certainly stop a child smoking; but nuts—— Is it Mr. Eustace Miles who says they are an ideal diet?

ESSEX COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

ONE always looks to the Essex County Championships meeting to provide the most pleasant function of the season. The A.A.A. championships may be more important, from a purely athletic "class" point of view, but, apart from that, the gathering organised by Mr. Robert Cooke takes first place. Unfortunately, like last year, there was a hitch in the 100-yards county championship race, H. S. Harmer being adjudged the winner after J. Austin Miller had apparently finished first by half a yard.

Harmer had apparently turned to congratulate Miller at the end, and on this point I spoke to one of the chief officials, but he refused to be drawn, except to indicate by his demeanour that a mistake had been made. Any qualms that Harmer might have cherished on the point of getting a doubtful decision were compensated for when he well won the 440-yards event from W. W. Martin, the Ilford footballer.

The 300-yards hurdles handicap brought with it a record, for though O. Groenings was beaten by G. Burton in the final heat, he covered the distance in 38 1-5 sec., which time was 3-5 sec. better than the previous record—a feat which earned him a special gold medal, presented by Sir C. B. Locock. Burton only beat him by a yard, and even then Groenings did not appear satisfied with himself.

The one-mile cycling championship was declared void owing to the time limit of three minutes being exceeded, Bishop was first in 3 min. 2-5 sec., next to him being W. W. Taylorson. The best of the day's races was that for the Atalanta Cup, in which event Robertson and Deakin ran almost neck-and-neck throughout. Hurlford was left far in arrears of the two named, who both finished grandly, Robertson only gaining a victory by a foot at the end of the long journey in 14 min. 34 2-5 sec.—a time which has only once previously been beaten. Alfred Pooley won the two-miles walking race, and E. H. Montague the invitation half-mile scratch race.

The annual summer sports of the Salford Harriers were held at Manchester last Saturday, and were chiefly noteworthy for the defeat of I. Fairn-Crawford, of the West of Scotland Harriers, in the level half-mile. The latter is holder of the English championship at the distance, and his conqueror on Saturday was A. Astley, of the promoting club, who held the title last year. Crawford could only get third, J. W. Lee, of Heaton, splitting the pair. The time was rather poor, the watch recording 2 min. 2 3-5 sec.

As was only to be expected, J. W. Morton, the sprint champion, won the 100-yards level race, passing the judges first by a yard, without being extended, in 10 1-5 sec. There was a mile relay race, and this was taken by the Salford Harriers. It was chiefly remarkable from the fact that Astley and Crawford fought their battle over again, as they represented their respective clubs in the last half-mile, when Astley again proved the victor, after a fine effort on the part of both.

The British Empire cycling championships were decided at Newcastle. In the quarter-mile G. C. Anderson (England) beat J. Lavery (Ireland), F. Crowther (England) being third, and the time 32 1-5 sec. The mile was won by Ben Jones, the Wigan cyclist, who, of course, represented England. The Worcester man, E. Payne, was second, and C. Kingsbury third. The time was 2 min. 45 4-5 sec. Jones also won the ten miles, with Anderson second, and Kingsbury third, in 28 min. 24 1-5 sec.

The Brigade of Guards' annual meeting at Burton Court always furnishes some excellent sport, and that of last Saturday was no exception to the rule. The feature of the gathering was the excellent running of Private W. Willis, of the 2nd Grenadier Guards. He won the half-mile, mile, and was second in the two miles. The 100-yards was taken by Private W. Herd, of the 1st Scots; the quarter by Private W. Griffiths, 2nd Grenadiers; and the two-miles by Private J. Baird, 2nd Scots. Colour-Sergeant J. Cook, 2nd Scots, secured the high-jump with 5 ft. 6 in.; and Private A. Ross cleared 18 ft. 11¼ in. in

A FINE SHOW OF STARTERS FOR THE MILE.

THE HALF-MILE INVITATION SCRATCH RACE, WON BY E. H. MONTAGUE.

THE FOURTH LAP OF THE MILE FLAT RACE.

THE START FOR THE THREE MILES SCRATCH HANDICAP FOR THE ESSEX ATALANTA CUP, WON BY ROBERTSON.

THE FINISH OF THE RACE FOR BOYS UNDER FIFTEEN: NUMBER 35 WINS.

At the Kensington A.A. sports, the principal event was the one-mile championship of the West-End. This resulted in a victory for E. C. Cramp, of the Kildare A.C. S. G. Hibbert, of the Clarence A.C., was second, and G. Pearce, Harrodian A.C., third, the time being 4 min. 31 2-5 sec. In the club placings Harrodian A.A.A. were first, Kildare A.A.A. second, and Clarence A.C. third.

The unpaced cycling record from London to Dover and back, made by W. Hutchinson in 1904, was beaten on Monday. Hutchinson's time was 9 hours 15 min. 47 sec., but J. Bowie completed the double journey in 8 hours 52 min. 16 sec.

CRICKET.

THE present season has furnished us with one of the most curious cricket years on record. Kent, who, by sheer merit, succeeded in winning the county championship last season, have fallen right away, and they cannot now retain their title. Doubtless, excuses could be made for some of their reverses, but I do not like excuses, and the bald fact remains that Kent, with practically the same men who did so brilliantly last year, are an inferior team this season to what they were last.

Essex conquered them at the back-end of last week. It was in the second match of the Tunbridge Wells Week, and Kent had the advantage of first innings. They made 231 at their first attempt, E. W. Dillon being top scorer with 60. The Eastern county responded with 436, in which their captain, Charles McGahey, made a century, his 108 being an innings well worthy of his great reputation. F. L. Fane made 93; Percy Perrin, 75; and Freeman, 62. Kent made 263 in their second venture, the chief honours falling to Hardinge, who compiled 65. Essex only wanted 59 in order to win, and they got the runs for the loss of Fane's wicket.

Surrey gained a capital victory over Lancashire at the Oval. Tom Hayward gave further evidence of his worth by scoring 114 (not out) in the second innings of Surrey. In the first innings of the Metropolitan county, Hobbs (72) and Hayes (71) carried off the batting honours, but Lord Dalmeny subscribed a very useful 51.

For Lancashire, L. O. S. Poidevin played very good cricket in both innings, making 51 at the first attempt and 26 at the second. Sharp was the hero of the second innings of the County Palatine, his innings of 60 (not out) being a very fine effort. Lees and J. N. Crawford both bowled well in Lancashire's last venture, the professional getting five men out for 80, and the amateur four for 45.

Charles Burgess Fry is to be commiserated with. The great batsman, since he has resumed first-class cricket, has given plain evidence that he has lost none of his old-time skill, force, and power. Against Worcestershire, he came very near to once again scoring two separate centuries in a match, as in the first innings of Sussex he made 125, and followed it with 99 (not out). That is sufficient evidence that this fine all-round athlete has retained his very best form.

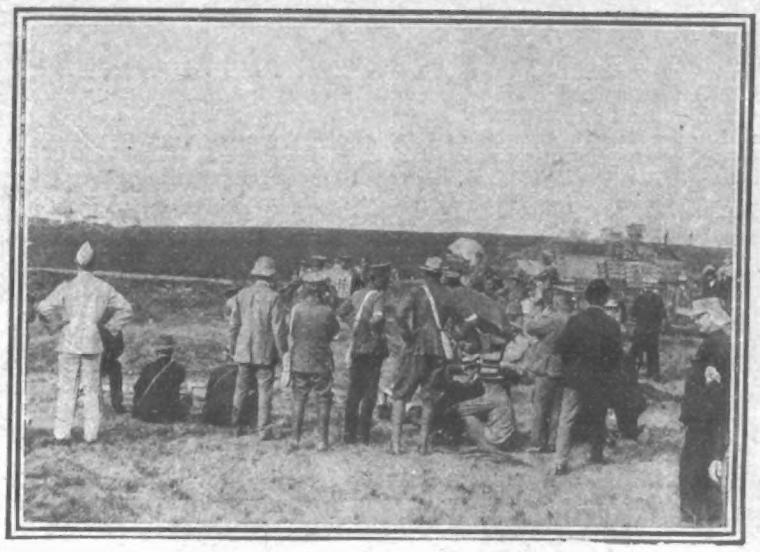
But despite his great effort Worcestershire won the match by six wickets. Three of the Fosters were playing, and all of them made runs. G. N. Foster was the most successful of the brotherhood, scoring 74 and 37 (not out). Bowley, with 65 and 37, was another success, and Arnold 65, and 26 achieved a measure of fortune's favours, with Pearson and R. E. Foster distinguishing themselves in a slightly less degree. And on Monday "H. K.," "G. N.," "R. E.," Bowley and Arnold again made fine scores. There is more in Worcestershire than meets the casual eye.

A. E. Lawton's return to the Derbyshire fold has been attended with a happy result, for he scored a century on the first occasion of his representing his county since the "burying of the hatchet." His 106 was in every way worthy of a man of his acknowledged ability. Another good innings was that of the West Indian, C. A. Ollivierre, who made 68 in the first innings of Derbyshire; and the footballer, Ernest Needham, seconded him with 40.

For Leicestershire, C. J. B. Wood scored a century, his full contribution amounting to 133; Vivian Crawford also reached three figures, with a capital 114; and, thanks mainly to the efforts of the pair, Leicestershire were enabled to win by nine wickets. In the first innings of Derbyshire Jeyes had the excellent record of five wickets for 58 runs.

AUSTRALIA WINS THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.

LIEUT. ADDISON, THE AUSTRALIAN WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE
According to custom, the champion shot was chaired as soon as his victory was announced.



A TIME WHEN NERVE TELLS:
The final firing for first place in the King's Prize.

"P.I.P." CRICKET RESULTS.

HADDON HALL v. BELMONT.

Played at Blackheath on Saturday, July 20th. Result, Haddon Hall won by 25 runs. Scores—

Haddon Hall: A. Litherdy, b S. Pratt, 8; F. Maggs, b Howard, 4; C. K. Olney, run out, 0; S. J. Gotts, l b w, b Howard, 18; A. Cook, c Moore, b G. Spratt, 0; C. Smith, b G. Spratt, 9; A. Maggs, b G. Spratt, 0; G. Allen, b Howard, 7; A. Combeer, b G. Spratt, 6; G. Woods, not out, 0; extras, 15. Total, 67.

Belmont: E. Woodcock, b Smith, 1; F. Spratt, b F. Maggs, 2; G. Spratt, b Smith, 5; S. Moore, b Smith, 0; J. Wright, b F. Maggs, 1; T. Howard, b Smith, 1; W. Wage, b Smith, 0; H. Clarkson, b F. Maggs, 8; L. Barber, c A. Maggs, b Smith, 5; J. Davis, b Smith, 7; H. Spratt, not out, 0; extras, 11. Total, 41.

For Haddon, H. C. Smith took seven wickets for 13 runs.

CRICKET IN JERSEY.

LAST week's return match, played at Jersey between teams representative of Victoria College (Jersey) and Elizabeth College (Guernsey) resulted in an easy win for the Guernsey boys by eight wickets, much to the chagrin of the Jersey supporters, inasmuch as the Victorians had improved considerably since their last match, their supporters being sanguine of victory.

The Elizabethans were a bigger lot of boys than their Jersey opponents, but they well deserved their victory. Some of their fielding was superb. A very large share of credit must be accorded the brothers Mockler, who undoubtedly won the match for their side.

Elizabeth College, Guernsey (1st Innings): B. W. Forty, c Kreyer, b Meade, 11; G. W. Agar, b Choveaux, 12; F. G. Mockler, b Richardson, 18; E. C. Mockler, run out, 31; A. G. Astley, b Richarpson, 0; J. C. O. Beuttler, b Choveaux, 12; B. L. M. Le Patourel, lbw, b Richardson, 1; H. T. Mellish, not out, 37; J. T. B. Dinwiddie, b Richardson, 21; G. K. Borrett, c Labey, b Evershed, 1; G. C. Eveleigh, b Evershed, 0; Extras, 15. Total, 159.

(2nd Innings): G. W. Agar, b Richardson, 18; F. G. Mockler, not out, 49; E. C. Mockler, c Evershed, b Richardson, 8: H. Mellish, not out, 2. Total (two wickets), 77.

Victoria College, Jersey.—(1st Innings): N. Choveaux, b E. C. Mockler, 0; G. Ashpitel, b E. C. Mockler, 0; B. Richardson, c Le Patourel, b F. G. Mockler, 1; R. Meade, run out, 7; G. Nicholson, b E. C. Mockler, 3; C. Labey, b E C. Mockler, 8; L. Evershed, b E. C. Mockler, 16; W. Goodwyn, b E. C. Mockler, 9; W. Bruce, b E. C. Mockler, 2; R. Le Fevre, c Agar, b F. G. Mockler, 8; H. S. Kreyer, not out, 5; extras, 19. Total, 78.

(2nd Innings): R. Le Fevre, b E. C. Mockler, 25; W. Goodwyn, c Eveleigh, b Agar, 9; N. Choveaux, c Mellish, b E. C. Mockler, 60; G. Ashpitel, c Eveleigh, b E. C. Mockler, 2; R. Meade, c and b F. G. Mockler, 13; B. Richardson, run out, 21; C. Labey, not out, 16; L. Evershed, c Eveleigh, b E. C. Mockler, 9; extras, 2. Total (seven wickets), 157. Innings declared closed. G. Nicholson, W. Bruce, and H. S. Kreyer to bat.

SWIMMING.

Several of the Metropolitan swimming clubs on Saturday decided their annual club's championship races. The Zephyr Club's half-mile event at Highgate Ponds was won by T. Lusty in 15 min. 6 2-5 sec. A race over a similar distance, also at Highgate, was won by C. Pickery, who secured the Montague S.C. Championship in 16 min. 23 sec. At Highgate, too, G. Innocent defeated

POOLEY, THE FAMOUS SURREY WICKET-KEEPER, WHO DIED IN LAMBETH INFIRMARY LAST WEEK.

NOTICE TO "P.I.P." CRICKETERS.

WE are always glad to know of the doings of *P.I.P.* readers at cricket. County matches are interesting enough in their way, but we are sure that our readers would be even more interested to see in print the doings of themselves and their friends. We are therefore making all *P.I.P.* cricketers the following offer:—

We will publish week by week the results of matches played by clubs of which any of our readers are members, free of charge. All we require is that the information—full names and scores—reach us on the Monday after the Saturday on which the games have been played.

Hurry up, "Pippers," and do not lose this opportunity of having your sporting achievements chronicled.

THE HAVOC OF THE STORM

THERE were thunderstorms in nearly every part of the country last Monday, and enormous damage was caused by floods.

London escaped all but the tail of the storm, in the shape of a torrential downpour shortly before six o'clock in the afternoon.

High Street, Watford, for hundreds of yards, was under water, which at places was two feet deep. The London and North-Western Railway station approach resembled a lake. Passengers arriving found the subway impassable, and an improvised exit was used. The booking-offices were flooded out.

PRESTON UNDER WATER.

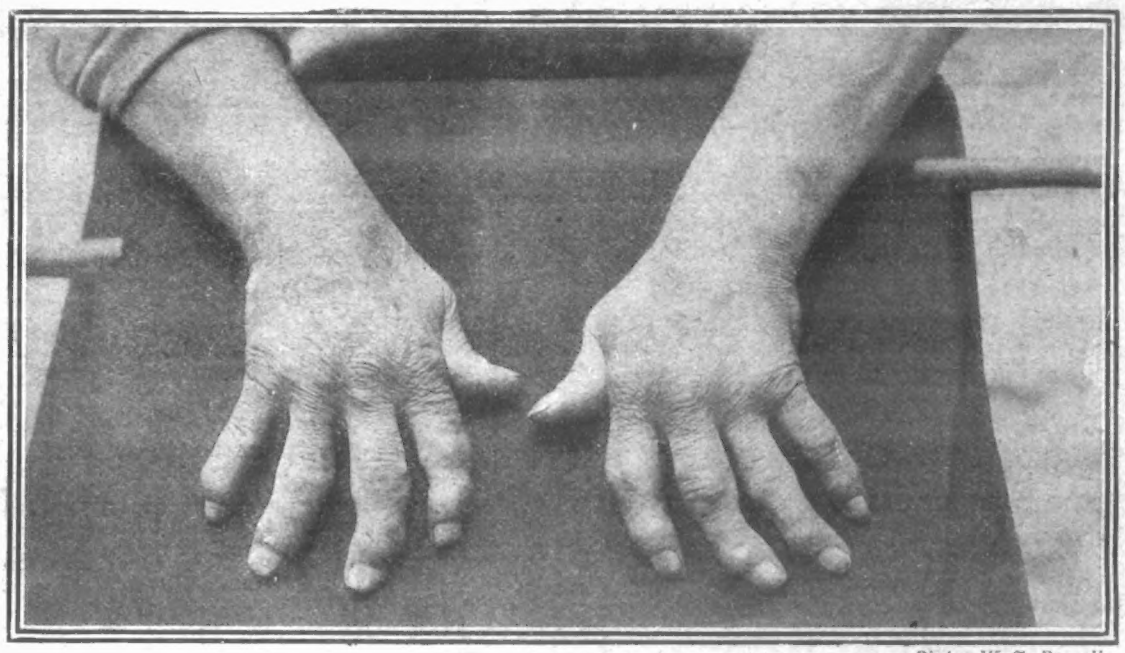
Preston wore a Venetian aspect for some hours. The severest thunderstorm known for many years visited the town, and the rain was so heavy that the drains were soon choked, and the water flowed through many of the streets at a depth of four feet. Women and children were carried through the torrent to their houses, while in Broadway, scores of persons had to wade up to their waists in water.

A fire-ball fell in Cheltenham during the afternoon. It split the bank of the Chelt and demolished fifty feet of a wall, which tumbled into the river. An inch of rain fell in half an hour, and four houses were struck by lightning.

Farnham (Surrey) was visited by a thunderstorm which did a great deal of damage. Many business and private houses were flooded.

Merthyr Tydvil was bombarded with enormous hailstones. The streets were converted into torrents, and in some places pedestrians had to wade knee-deep in the water.

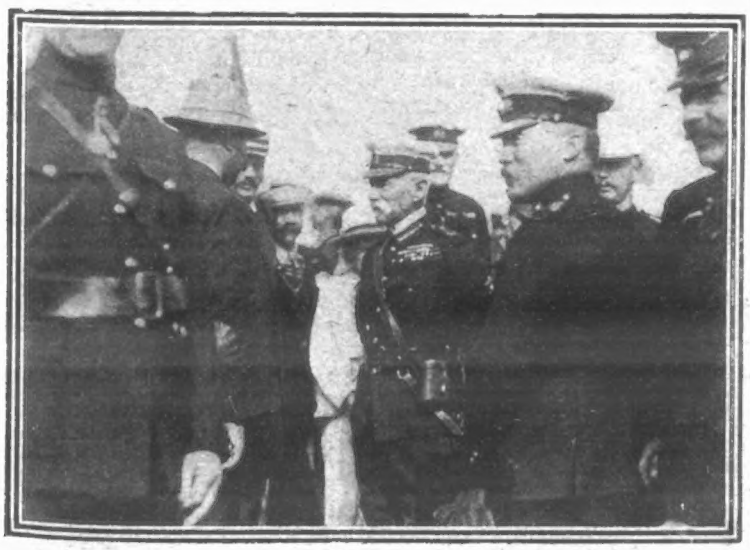
Considerable damage was done to live stock and crops in Gloucestershire. St Catherine's belfry-tower at Gloucester was struck by lightning, and the upper part was entirely destroyed, while the interior of the building also suffered injury



Photos. W. J. Brunell.

Under no conditions is the post of wicket-keeper a sinecure, and this seems to have been more especially the case in Pooley's days, judging from his hands. It will be noted that practically every joint is damaged and maimed.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communication. for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand London, W.C.*



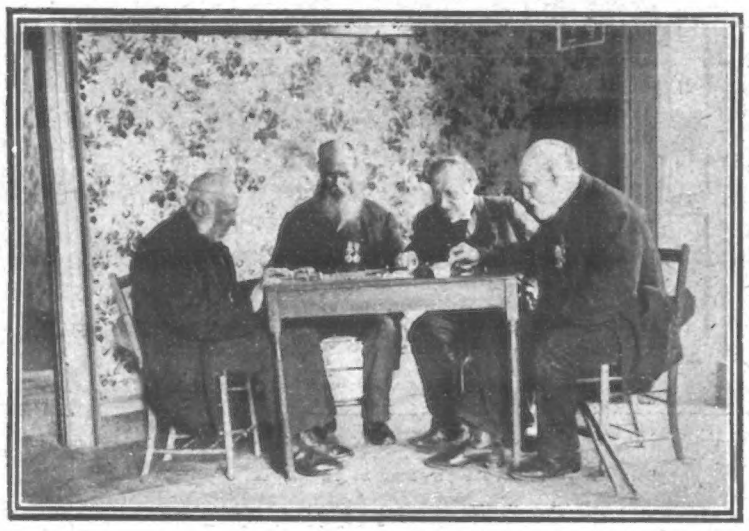
LORD ROBERTS TALKING TO ARMOURER-SERGEANT PADGETT, WHO, AFTER BEING ADJUDGED THE WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE, WAS DISQUALIFIED.

M. H. Blackmore for the City of London Police Championship, covering the distance (440 yards) in 6 min. 22 1-5 sec. At Walton-on-Thames, F. Furber won the Borough of Fulham S.C. quarter-mile championship in 5 min. 15 sec.; F. Woods, the international water-polo player, scored a popular victory in the Thistle Club's 440-yards race at Egham; G. Leggatt won the Battersea S.C. half-mile captaincy—decided at Sunbury—in 9 min. 59 sec.; C. H. Gates retained the Borough Polytechnic S.C. 1000-yards championship by winning that event at Long Ditton; while F. O. Venning took the Walthamstow S.C. quarter-mile championship, competed for in the River Lea at Broxbourne

At the fourth annual competition for the mile championship of the Southern Counties at Southgate last Saturday, R. H. Hassell, of the Holloway United S.C., gained an easy win in 28 min. 55 3-5 sec. J. Sanders, Richmond, was second, and F. Naylor, Hornsey, third. Hitherto Hassell has devoted his attentions to short-distance racing, so that his victory was all the more remarkable.

NO RISK OF SUNSTROKE HERE.
The sun was shining brightly when the last stage of the firing was reached, and giant umbrellas sprang up like mushrooms.

PENSIONERS IN POVERTY AT PECKHAM.



"AMUSEMENTS"

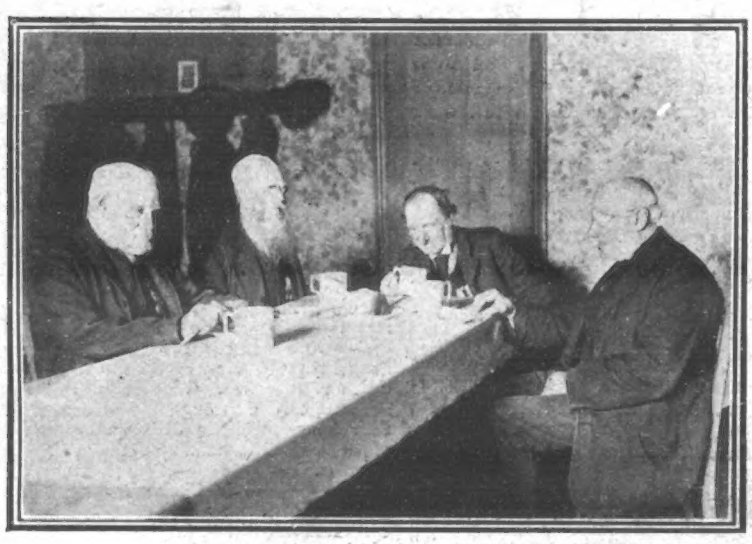
The old heroes, in a room almost devoid of furniture, endeavouring to forget their poverty by filling in the time with a game of dominoes.

The End of Crimean Pensioners.

The four remaining pensioners at the Home at Peckham, originated by Mr. Walter Leslie, once a Christy Minstrel, are said to be living in abject poverty and misery. Our photographs show episodes in the dreary declining days of the grand old heroes of the Crimea.

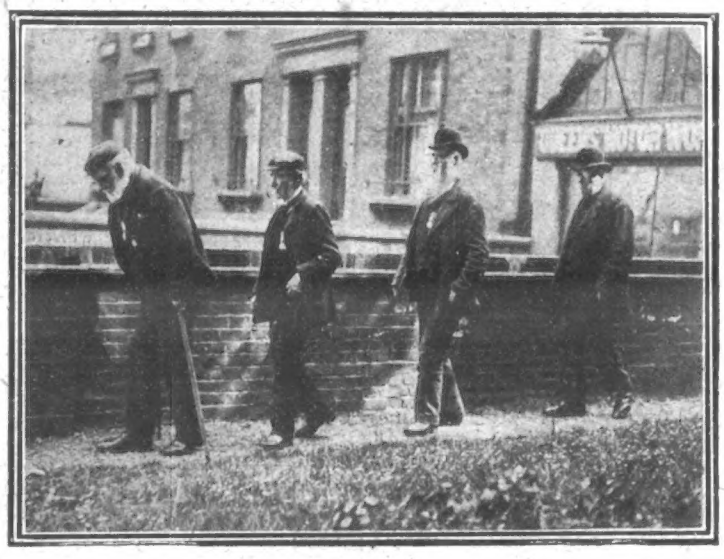
A NIGHT'S "REST."

There being no beds in the house, the poor old men, all of whom are over seventy years of age, are obliged to sleep on the floor.



A "MEAL."

The four inmates of the home partaking of bread and water.



"RECREATION."

A little exercise in the miserable little garden of the "Home."

TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

60 LIVES LOST IN COLLISION AT NIGHT.

MORE than 60 persons—many of them women—were drowned off the coast of California last Saturday night by the sinking of the passenger-steamer *Columbia*, of 2800 tons, bound from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon.

The *Columbia* collided with the steamer *San Pedro*, laden with lumber, during a dense fog, and sank in less than five minutes. Practically the only survivors were those who managed to swim to the *San Pedro* as the vessel went down.

The collision took place off Shelter Cove shortly after midnight. The officer on the bridge of the *Columbia* saw the *San Pedro* loom suddenly out of the fog and bear down on the passenger steamer.

Although the latter was steaming at only half-speed, it was impossible to avert a collision. The *San Pedro* crashed into the port side of the *Columbia*, tearing away the bow plates.

The frightened passengers rushed on deck in their night attire, and frantic efforts were made to launch the boats. Many persons are believed to have been killed instantly by the impact, as the bow of the freighter cut deep into the hull of the *Columbia*, wrecking many of the state-rooms.

A Courageous Captain.

Captain Doran, the commander of the *Columbia*, stood calmly on the shattered bridge and gave orders through a megaphone. All the officers and crew worked with the greatest heroism.

There was not time to launch even one boat, however. The *Columbia* settled rapidly from the moment of the collision, and many men, feeling that she was sinking, leaped overboard and swam to the *San Pedro*, which was standing by.

Some became exhausted and were drowned, and those who succeeded in reaching the lumber vessel were the only ones saved.

The others were sucked under when the steamer went down. Her decks were dotted with men and women at the last moment, when she suddenly plunged bow first, and the passengers were whelmed in the sea.

Captain Doran made no effort to save himself, and was still on the bridge, megaphone in hand, when the *Columbia* sank.

The *San Pedro* was saved from sinking by her cargo of lumber, but she drifted helplessly for two hours before the steamer *Roanoke* arrived and took off the survivors.

GIRL'S HUNDRED-GUINEA TIP.

Lucky Miss Sage is the most envied of all the attendants at Crosby Hall, the famous City lunching-place, which is shortly to be pulled down.

A number of gentlemen whom she regularly waited upon at luncheon have presented her with £105 as a mark of their appreciation of her services.

"I have not got over my surprise yet," Miss Sage smilingly told a reporter last Monday. "It quite took my breath away, because, of course, I knew nothing about it.

"It was subscribed by the gentlemen who regularly lunch at my tables, and is the pleasantest surprise I have ever had."

MR. AKED DENOUNCES WIGS.

An amusing story is sent by the *New York Herald's* Buffalo correspondent regarding a speech on wigs made by the Rev. C. F. Aked.

Mr. Aked recently left Liverpool to become pastor of the Fifth-avenue Baptist Church, New York, which is always known as Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's church, and it will be remembered that two years ago Mr. Rockefeller took to wearing a wig.

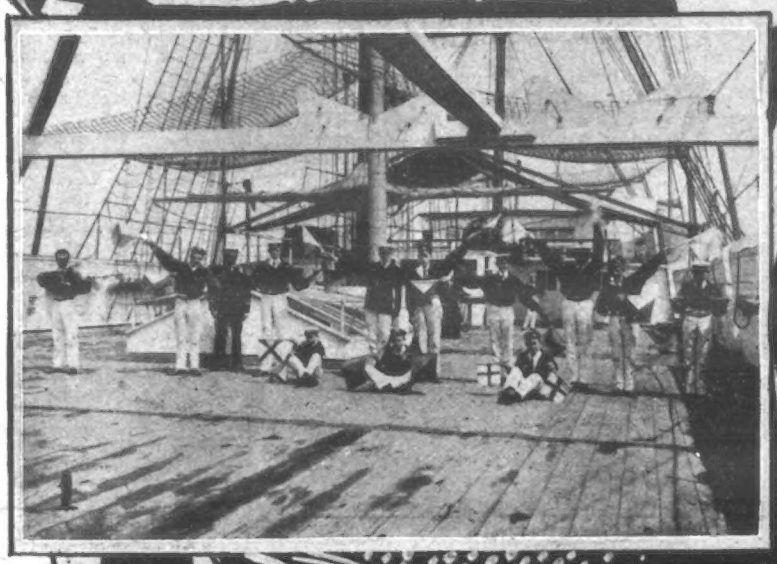
In an address to the Chautauqua Assembly a day or two ago, however, Mr. Aked boldly declared that a wig was a foolish relic of the bad old days, a thatching of one's roof by an artificial process, and one of the few foolish things women have never done.

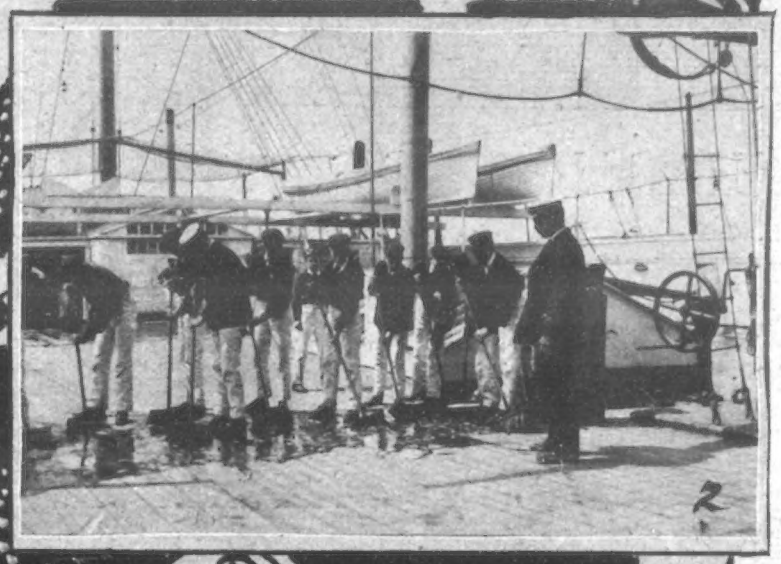
Mr. Rockefeller, adds the *Herald*, is reported to be still wearing his wig.

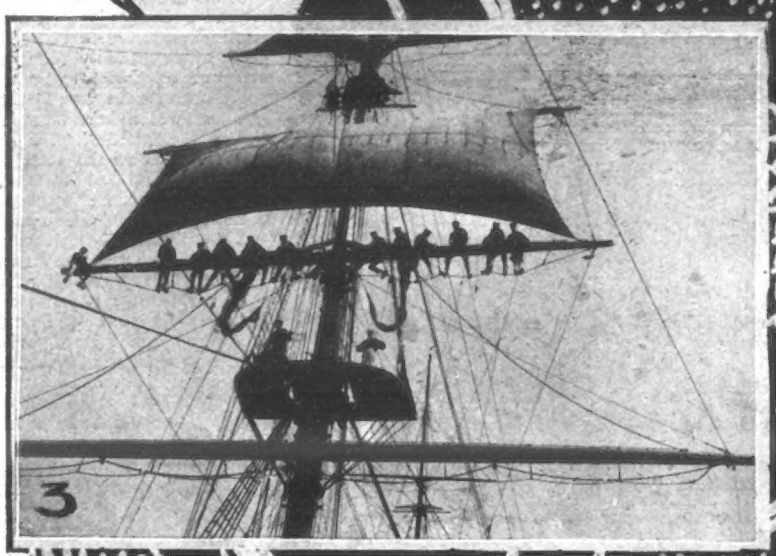
A CONTRAST.—Pensioners from the Chelsea Hospital taking part in the Sports at the Duke of York's School.

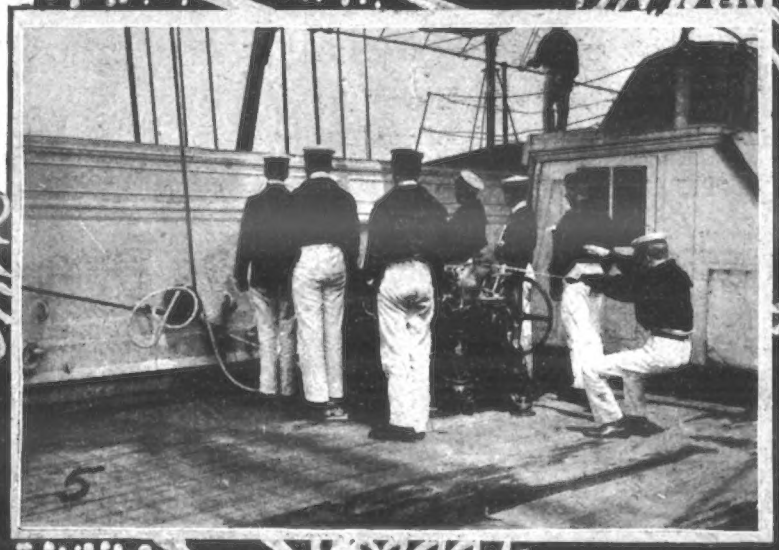
The Chelsea Pensioners are well looked after by the Government, and many of them are still hale and hearty. Our first photograph shows the pensioners' race at the Duke of York's School Sports, and the second the winner, Mr. Barrett (seventy years of age) receiving the congratulations of a youthful competitor.

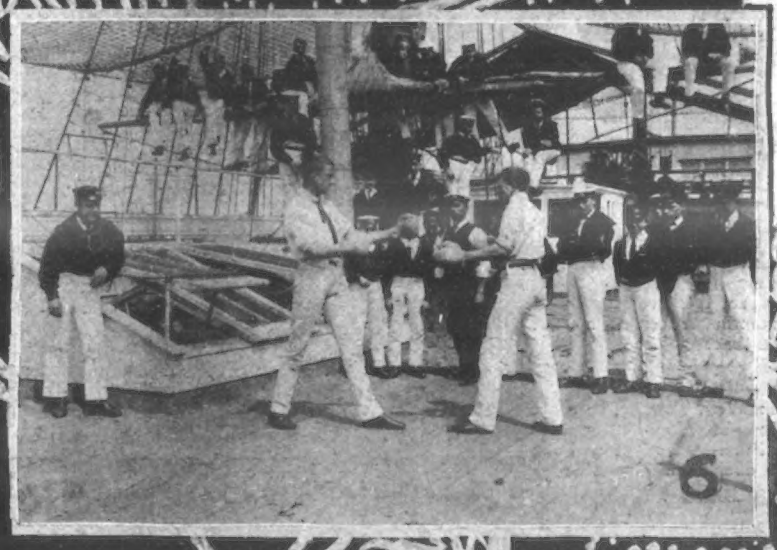
WORLD-WANDERERS of the "WORCESTER"



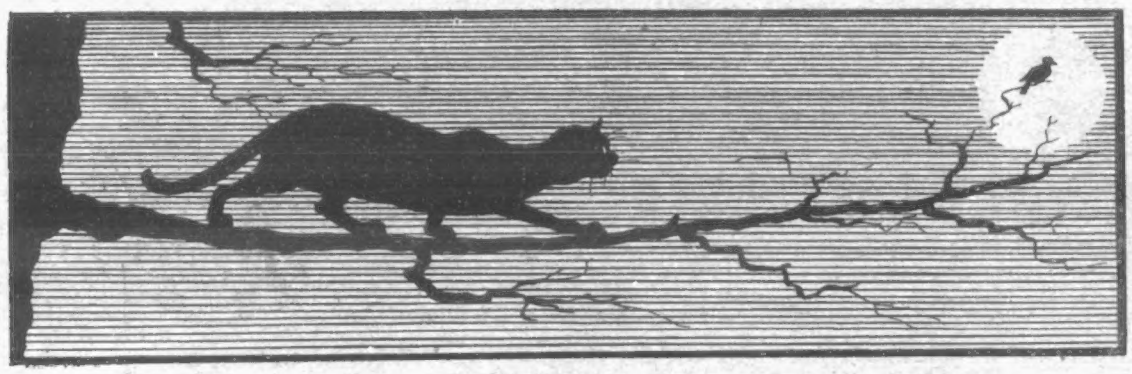








On Thursday the Annual Prize Distribution took place on the "Worcester," aboard which vessel so many of our hardy officers of the Mercantile Marine receive their training before starting their careers as wanderers of the world. The life aboard is no easy one, as our photographs show, and that probably accounts for the efficiency and pluck of the men who do so much to maintain Great Britain's supremacy. 1. The boys engaged in signalling-drill. 2. Cleaning decks, a necessary but uninteresting occupation. 3. Manning the yards. 4. A youthful boat's crew. 5. Gun drill—"Fire!" 6. A friendly bout with the gloves.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

His Answer

A schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited." "Now, boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal of Latin, for instance—or I said that I was a handsome man, what should you say I was?"

"A liar, Sir!" was the too ready response.

Too Precipitate.

A rather short and, on the whole, somewhat insignificant-looking gentleman lately married a tall, handsome lady. He is, unfortunately for his peace of mind, of a jealous and hasty disposition.

The other evening he had left his wife outside a tobacconist's shop while he went in to purchase some cigars. Just as he was coming out he saw a young fellow step up to her and raise his hat. As he drew near he heard the young gallant commence in an affected tone of voice—

"Pardon me, madam——"

Before he could get any further the latter-day Othello burst on him—

"Excuse me, Sir; what is your business with this lady?"

"Eh?" returned the other, in a surprised but cool manner; "my business is with the lady, and no one else."

"Well, Sir," said the husband, irritated by what he considered the effrontery of the reply, "this lady, I'd have you know, is my wife."

"Dear me!" rejoined the young man sarcastically, as he calmly inspected his assailant from top to toe, "really, now, do you know, I'm astonished to hear it."

Enraged beyond measure, the husband cried fiercely—

"If you address another word to my wife I'll——"

"I don't intend to—now," broke in the young fellow quietly; "and you will probably regret it before the day is out. Good day to you." And off he went.

Less than half an hour afterwards the lady missed a valuable bracelet, which her husband had given her on her last birthday. And that gentleman reluctantly agrees with his wife that the young man must have picked it up, and that he was about to return it to its owner when he was so rudely treated.

The lady now possesses another bracelet, so that the incident is not referred to so frequently as it might otherwise have been.—*Tit-Bits.*

The Reason.

Magistrate (to prisoner): "It's some time since I saw you here."

Prisoner (virtuously): "Yes, Sir; I've been quiet an' law-abidin' since the larst time I was up before you, and that wer' 'bout six months ago."

Magistrate: Ah, yes, I remember. I gave you six months for stealing a ham. It's a year this time."

Made Him Independent.

The Parson: Well, Tommy, how are you getting along at school?"

Tommy: "Fine. I've got so I can write my own excuses now."—*Chicago News.*

The Eternal Triangle.

The woman was young and fair, but anxiety had left its traces on her peachy cheek. She grasped both the man's hands convulsively as he stood beside the open door of the carriage.

"Brave girl!" he murmured, crushing her small hands in his. "How did you manage to get away?"

"He is asleep," she answered in a low, frightened voice. "Oh, if he should wake up——"

"Let us start at once, then," muttered the man between his clenched teeth.

A blush of pleasure flamed up in her pale face.

"It will be just like old times," she murmured. "Before — before — he — came into my life."

The man laughed harshly

"Do you know," she went on, "he seems to like you. Of course"—laughing nervously—"he doesn't say so; but I've seen his eyes follow you about the room, and——Hark! what was that?"

A weird, long-drawn sound came from the house.

"He is awake!" gasped the woman. "How furious he will be! Let me go! And she flew towards the door.

"Confound that kid!" muttered her husband. "She'll never get him to sleep again in time for the matinée."—*London Opinion*

A Summer Idyll.

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,
A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings, and then at the real
Psychological moment a spoon.
A whisper, a promise, and summer is o'er,
And they part in hysteric despair
(But neither returns in the following June,
For fear that the other is there).
—*Lippincott's.*

Nothing Mean About Him

Harry Laughlin, the famous billiard-player, tells a capital story in a contemporary.

"Once, when I had my own saloon in Columbus," he said, "I was a good deal disturbed by the loss of chalk. Chalk disappeared at a tremendous rate, and I said to my helper, 'Keep a better eye on the chalk, Jim; I'm no millionaire.'

"'I know the gents wot pockets the chalk, Mr. Laughlin,' Jim said; 'but they're regular customers. I guess you wouldn't want me to offend 'em, would you?'

"'Well, no,' said I, 'I wouldn't. You might give them a gentle hint, though. Use your diplomacy.'

"Jim, I found out later, used his diplomacy that night. He walked up to one of my best patrons, who had just pocketed a piece of chalk, and he said—

"'You're in the milk business, ain't you, Sir?'

"'Yes; why?' the patron asked.

"'I thought so,' said Jim, 'from the amount of chalk you carry away. The boss likes enterprise, and he told me to tell you that if you wanted a bucket of water now and then you could have one and welcome.'"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE SOCIAL REFORMER (in the East End): "Is your mother in, little girl?"

THE LITTLE GIRL: "No, Mum—muvver's gorn out to fight annuver lidy."

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

The Queen and the Zancigs.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has been graciously pleased to accept from Mr. and Madam Zancig a copy of their recently published work, "Two Minds with but a Single Thought." The dedication of this little brochure to the British Public has been gracefully and appropriately made by Mr. and Madam Zancig as a reminder that, as Danes, there exists between them and the British Public a precious link, as a single thought between two minds—namely, homage to England's beloved Queen.

Miss Terry and the "Tag."

I played Julia in "The Rivals" very ill (writes Miss Ellen Terry in *M.A.P.*); it was too difficult and subtle a part for me—ungrateful into the bargain—and I even made a blunder in bringing down the curtain on the first night. I had to finish the play—speak the "tag," in theatrical parlance. Our profession is a superstitious one, and it is supposed to be very unlucky to speak the tag at rehearsals. So, during the rehearsals of "The Rivals," I followed precedent, and did not say the last two or three words of my part and of the play, but just "mum, mum, mum!" When the first night came, I was all at sea with the line, and, instead of dropping my voice with the last word in the usual way, I suddenly raised it!

This unexpected innovation produced utter consternation all round me. The prompter naturally thought that I had something more to say, and consequently did not give the "pull" for the curtain. There was a horrid pause while it remained up, and then Mr. Buckstone, the Bob Acres of the cast, who was very deaf and had not heard the upward inflection, exclaimed loudly and irritably, 'Eh! eh! What does this mean? Why the devil don't you bring down the curtain?" And he went on saying things worse than that until it did come down. This experience made me think more than ever of the advice of an old actor: "Never leave your stage effects to *chance*, my child, but *rehearse*, and find out all about it!"

How I wished I had rehearsed that "tag" and taken the risk of being unlucky.

Forthcoming Arrangements.

The following is a rough forecast of the plays for the ensuing season: At His Majesty's we shall see Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton in a Greek play, "Attila the Hun"; St. James's, Mr. George Alexander in "The Thief"; Aldwych, "The Gay Gordons"; Hicks, "The Hypocrites"; Court, "The Mere Boy" (Mr. Otho Stuart's opening). At the Comedy "The Truth" will still hold its sway; Lyric, "The English Cowboy" (Mr. Waller); Duke of York's, "Brewster's Millions" and a series of French plays at the New Royalty.

Caruso's Friendly Rival.

Alessandro Bonci, the celebrated Italian tenor, who made his *rentrée* at Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday in "Rigoletto" with Melba, was born at Cesena, near Bologna, in 1870. His mother was a gifted amateur singer, and Bonci, like many Italian boys, commenced to sing almost as soon as he could talk. When a small boy he joined the church choir, and at seventeen, fired by religious enthusiasm, he commenced to study singing, with a view to joining the famous choir of Loreto, a religious sanctuary much frequented by pilgrims from all parts of the world. The choir consists of sixteen picked singers—four tenors, four altos, four baritones, and four basses. Great was Bonci's joy when, after three years' study, he was selected out of forty applicants to become the leading tenor of the choir. He remained three years, but was so frequently advised to seek a wider field for his talents that he decided to adopt an operatic career, making his début at Parma as Fenton in "Falstaff." His success was immediate, and he was engaged for the Dal Verme Theatre, Milan, making his first appearance there as Faust. Bonci subsequently sang in St. Petersburg, and nine years ago made his début at Covent Garden as Rodolfo, to the Mimi of Melba. The beauty of his pure tenor voice and easy production secured immediate recognition. Last season in New York Bonci was the star at the Manhattan Theatre, in artistic rivalry to Caruso at the Metropolitan Opera House.

[Photo. Illustrations Bureau

CROYDON POISON DRAMA.

Richard Brinkley stood in the dock at Guildford Assizes this week to answer a charge of murdering Mr. and Mrs. Beck at Croydon on April 20

Mr. Muir, who prosecuted, in an opening speech that lasted over two hours, dramatically reconstructed the story of the poisoned bottle of oatmeal stout, the death of Mr. and Mrs. Beck after drinking from it, and the subsequent police investigations which led to Brinkley's arrest.

A number of witnesses were called and the case is proceeding as we go to press.

Brinkley, who looked much greyer and more anxious than when he appeared at Croydon Police Court, was brought from Brixton Prison on Monday morning. By the same train there travelled Mr. Justice Bigham, who is trying the case, Mr. Muir, and Mr. Frampton, who is defending.

There was a rush of spectators when, between two warders, and with a light fawn overcoat thrown over his wrists to conceal the handcuffs he was wearing, Brinkley was conducted to a reserved third-class compartment. The warders hurried him along, and, pushing him to an extreme corner of the compartment, pulled down the blinds

A violent thunderstorm broke during Mr. Muir's speech, and lightning flashed across the court. Brinkley himself was unmoved, however. He never glanced towards the windows, but kept his gaze riveted upon the man who was unfolding the case against him

THE CROYDON POISONING DRAMA.

Richard Brinkley, the man who is accused of causing the death of Mr. and Mrs. Beck, entering the Guildford Assize Court in charge of warders. Brinkley is marked with a cross.

FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE FOR MANSLAUGHTER.

"Pedlar" Palmer, the pugilist, commonly known as "the box of tricks," leaving the court after being sentenced to five years' penal servitude for causing the death of a man named Choat in a train when returning from Epsom races.

OLD AIR AT THE NEW BAILEY.

At the opening of the July Sessions of the Central Criminal Court last Monday, the Recorder complained of the almost stifling atmosphere of the court. The building was fitted, he said, with the most extraordinary ventilating system ever invented.

[Photos. Halftones.

RICHARD BRINKLEY IN THE DOCK AT THE GUILDFORD ASSIZE COURT.

TOO BIG A TASK FOR THE MAGISTRATE

To a young man who wished to know what he could do with a wife possessed of an ungovernable temper, Mr. Francis, the Lambeth magistrate, remarked on Monday that he could not sit there to advise husbands how to manage their wives.

CANAL BURST CAUSED BY A LANDSLIP.

A subsidence in a Salt Mine at Marbury, Northwich, caused great damage to the North Staffordshire Canal, from which millions of gallons rushed like a maelstrom. Half a mile of the canal was drained, and the locks had to be closed, stopping all traffic. Three canal boats were carried down with the water.—[*Photo. Littler.*]

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII. (*Continued.*)

A PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT.

THE solicitor left the bare outer office and stepped into a charming little apartment which showed everywhere the hand and influence of a woman. It might have been the boudoir of a fashionable beauty, so daintily was it decorated and furnished. The presence of many flowers — and flowers were not cheap in mid-January—revealed luxury, and refinement, and feminine taste.

Milady, who was responsible for it all, did not give Mendle the impression that she was a private inquiry agent, who moved in shady ways and executed shady business. As he had known her for some years he should have been accustomed by this time to the incongruity between her appearance and her employment. But every time he saw her he was struck afresh with wonder that so clever a woman, with such refined tastes and such charm of manner, could lend herself to the business of doing Society's dirty work. Yet he might have seen the answer in her face, which was resolute and firm, and rather masculine in contour. Such a woman would never have found tame feminine employment suited to her personality.

"How do you do, Lady Cobbin," said Mendle, seating himself.

The owner of the boudoir office frowned, and surveyed him severely through an eyeglass. "Milady, if you please, Mr. Mendle."

"Ah, I forgot; Milady, of course. You took the name from the heroine of Dumas's 'Three Musketeers.'"

Lady Cobbin nodded. "She was in the same line of business."

"But you are not so wicked as she was," said Mendle politely.

"Given opportunity, I might be," rejoined the woman coolly; "seeing the worst side of human nature as I do would deteriorate a saint."

"And you never were one," sniggled the lawyer.

His listener dropped her eye-glass and lighted a cigarette. "Did you come here to tell me my character, or to give me a job?" she asked.

"H'm. I'm wondering," said Mendle half to himself. And indeed he was wondering how much or how little he should confide to the somewhat unscrupulous woman before him. If she knew too little, her services would be of no use, and the lawyer did not care about paying out good money for bad business. On the other hand, if she learned too much she might be dangerous. Lady Cobbin, alias Milady, was not a bad woman, but she always had an eye to number one, and to get what she wanted—which was chiefly money—would hesitate at very little. Mendle, therefore, felt that he must be cautious; and, before committing himself to confidences, examined her stealthily, much in the same manner as he had examined Dr. Wilfred Darton.

Milady—it will be best to give her the official name since she was in her office in a business capacity — was a rather stout woman, verging on forty, of no great height but of a very imposing presence. She was rather distinguished-looking in appearance, as her massive face was very pale, her eyebrows very thick and black, and her hair prematurely white and plentiful. She had the nose of a Cæsar, and a moustached lip of the Andalusian type. Her figure was not graceful, and did not show to advantage in the smart, tight-fitting tailor-made dress which she wore, of thick blue serge. Her white hair, cut rather short and brushed back, was surmounted by a brown Homburg hat, round which a blue veil was carelessly tied. Seated at the desk, with a loose tweed cloak over her shoulders, with a neat collar and tie, with her somewhat masculine head, with her darkened lip and eye-glass, the whole completed by a cigarette, she looked very much like a man. No one could have called her a beautiful woman, but she certainly looked extremely capable and workmanlike.

Mendle knew her history from the day she had married Lord Geoffrey Cobbin—a broken-down, racing younger son of an impecunious Duke. He had taken her from the musical comedy stage, on which she played grotesque parts; but who her parents were and where she came from, to appear before the footlights, no one knew. After six months of a miserable married life Lord Geoffrey had been killed in a steeplechase, and, as the ducal family refused to have anything to do with the plebeian wife, Lady Cobbin—so she called herself, although her true appellation was Lady Geoffrey Cobbin—was forced to look for a means of livelihood. She did not wish to return to the stage, as her masculine sense told her that it was silly, and she drifted from one employment into another, until she found a wide field for the exercise of her cleverness in working like a diver, under the stormy ocean of London Society. The reputation she gained and the money she made justified her sticking to her somewhat unsavoury profession, and she behaved as straightly as could be expected under the circumstances. For the rest, she lived at Hampstead with a dismal, grumbling old woman, whom she declared was her grandmother, and acted like a man about-town.

Her success in business was owing to her attention to detail, to her intuition, and last, but not least, to her wonderful charm of manner, which enabled her to secure confessions from the most unlikely people. Originally soft-hearted and trusting, circumstances had made her hard and sceptical, so that she moved through the world like a female Ishmael, her hand being against every man, and woman also. In Society—and she had a certain social standing of a suburban sort—she called herself, wrongfully as to the title, Lady Cobbin: in business her clients addressed her as Milady, after Dumas's famous she-devil, who certainly must have come from the nethermost pit.

Milady smoked through half a cigarette before the lawyer made up his mind to speak, but it was characteristic of her cleverness that she never asked him to hurry up. A woman would have done so, but Milady prided herself upon being more masculine than feminine. Also she knew that it is more difficult to make people hold their tongues than to speak out. Mendle, crafty as he was, apparently appeared anxious to confide in her, so she waited very patiently. "It's about this murder," said the lawyer, at last, making up his mind to be wholly frank.

"So I thought," said Milady briefly, and began to draw figures on her pink blotting-paper. "Go on, I am listening."

"Do you know anything about the case?" asked Mendle cautiously.

Milady nodded, and still drew caricatures. "I have looked into it."

The solicitor sat up suddenly. "Who is employing you?"

"You are."

"Why I have only just come——"

"To engage me as a detective."

"Yes!" Mendle was more and more astonished. "But how did you guess? I might have come about those other matters you have in hand."

"So you might," assented Lady Cobbin drily; "but as you are connected closely with this murder, it occurred to me that you would secure my services sooner or later."

"Still, I don't see how you guessed my errand so rapidly."

"To tell you that would mean a lecture on feminine intuition. I jumped to conclusions, I suppose, as every woman does, and, like the majority of women, I

PROTESTANT DEMONSTRATION AT ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Fine display by the Boys' Life Brigade.

PROTESTANT DEMONSTRATION AT ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Thousands of children gathered together at the Alexandra Palace last Saturday. Our photograph shows the animated scene in the Central Hall.

have landed on my feet. Also I have read the papers, Mr. Mendle."

"I daresay. Still I don't see——"

"You said that before, and the repeated remark does not do credit to your brain-power. See here!" she leaned across the table with her monocle glittering in her eye. "I learned from the papers that the dead man was your ward, and was found dead in front of your office. Also that you lose five thousand a year, which goes to the girl you love. You naturally wish to get back the money, and propose to do so by marriage. Miss Gerson loved her brother, and has consented to be your wife on condition that you find the man who murdered your ward. You find that the police are useless, as I guessed you would. Therefore, having employed me before, you come to me. It is perfectly simple, Mr. Mendle, as you see."

Mendle, for the moment, ignored all that this long speech contained, save one piece of information. "How do you know that I am in love with Belinda Gerson?" he asked nervously.

"Arthur told me," said Milady imperturbably.

The solicitor pushed back his chair and rose in astonishment. "You—you knew the boy?"

"Oh, yes," replied the woman easily, "and a nice rascal he was. Do you know a story—a sea-story—called 'Shanghaied,' Mr. Mendle?"

"No. What is it about—what does the name mean?"

"You had better get the book and read," advised Lady Cobbin. "The word is Americanese for kidnapping. Arthur Gerson read the book, and, thinking that I would do anything for money—he knew that I worked for you, you know—he came and suggested that I should arrange for your kidnapping. To be strictly American, you were to be shanghaied on the Thames river, and afterwards put out of the way."

Mendle turned perfectly white and his nerves jumped. "Why—oh, why?"

Lady Cobbin raised her thick eyebrows. "I understood from Arthur Gerson that he had twice attempted to get you out of the way. You can guess the reason?"

"That damned will!" muttered the lawyer, wiping his forehead.

"Quite so. Your influence with the late Mr. Gerson—so I understood from his son—was sufficient to secure you the life interest in the estate, but not strong enough to give you the whole of the money without reserve. Your death meant Arthur and his sister getting the money; and, being desperately in want of cash, he proposed murder. I declined the risk," ended Milady, selecting a new cigarette.

"Why didn't you tell the police?" stuttered Mendle, greatly agitated.

"To what end? Arthur would have denied everything, and could only have been bound over to keep the peace. Your experience of his desperation on two occasions gave you the chance to have his hands tied in that manner. As you passed over his attempts at murder, why should I not ignore his proposal to get rid of you?"

"You should have told me."

"No. As I declined to injure you, there was no need. However, Arthur said that you wanted to marry his sister, and that he was determined to marry her to Sir Samuel Embers—another beauty, by the way. But, as things have turned out, Arthur is dead, and you are free to recover your lost interest in the Gerson money by working on the feelings of the girl."

Mendle winced. There was a certain amount of contempt in Lady Cobbin's voice, and he was by no means thick-skinned. She eyed him grimly, dropped her eye-glass, and continued smoothly. "I suppose you mean to work on the lines I indicated?"

"I don't think that you could have read the account of the proceedings at the inquest very carefully," said Mendle drily, "else you would have seen that Miss Gerson announced her engagement to Dr. Darton, whom I dislike as much as Arthur did."

"Arthur seems to have had many dislikes," returned Lady Cobbin complacently. "I *did* notice the statement of Miss Gerson, but I made every allowance for your cleverness. It occurred to me that you would cajole her into breaking the engagement with the doctor, to be your wife, on condition that you learned who killed her dearly loved brother."

"Dearly loved!" sneered Mendle. "Arthur told you that."

"Oh, yes. He was very frank. According to Arthur, his sister adored him."

"Then he told a lie," said the lawyer bluntly; "a lie with a grain of truth——"

"Like most lies," murmured Milady.

"Belinda did love him, until he set himself to work to prevent her marriage with Darton. Then she——"

"I see. The love for her brother changed into love for this young doctor. Humph! So like a woman. Well, then, Mr. Mendle, it seems that with all my cleverness, I am mistaken. You have *not* come to ask me to learn who killed Arthur Gerson."

"Yes, I have. You are right so far," said Mendle gloomily.

"But why"—Lady Cobbin raised her expressive eyebrows again—"why, when you do not benefit? The discovery of the murderer will not help you to recover the money, and, on your own admission, it will not break off the marriage with this doctor. You are too clever to work on purely philanthropic lines."

"I am not a villain."

"Nor am I personal," said Lady Cobbin politely.

Mendle twiddled his thumbs nervously, and looked at the pale winter sunshine filtering through the lace curtains. It would be necessary to trust Lady Cobbin wholly, especially as she had been looking into the case, and already—if he could read between the lines—had gathered some information. With this idea in his mind, he plunged into the middle of things. "The making of that will was Mr. Gerson's own idea," he said bluntly. "He trusted nobody, being always a suspicious man. Arthur and Belinda he considered fools; me, he thought clever, and for that reason gave me the life-interest on condition that I allowed the two ample means, which I did. But Mr. Gerson, being suspicious, as I said, trusted me as little as he trusted anyone else, and so put in the saving clause that I was to lose the money if Arthur or Belinda died. Perhaps he expected that I would murder them, as Richard did the Princes in the Tower. It seems to me that Mr. Gerson should have rather protected me from Arthur, than Arthur from me. However, the boy—lunatic that he was—is dead, and the money is lost. I want to get it again. I admit that. But I really do love Belinda, and want, apart from the money, to marry her. She loves Darton, and refused me when I asked her to be my wife. I am not vindictive. All the same, every man has a right to play for his own hand. Therefore, I have come to ask you to prevent this marriage."

"How can I do that?"

"By proving that Wilfred Darton murdered Arthur."

Calm as she invariably was, Milady was startled by this last speech, and rose to her feet to lean across to Mendle with her hands on the desk. "What!" she gasped; "do you mean to say——"

"I shall leave you to judge for yourself," said Mendle, and rapidly related what had taken place in the interviews with Belinda and her lover. "I believe Darton to be guilty," he finished, decisively.

"It's all theory," said Milady, after a pause. "You are trying to build up something out of nothing. Your love for Miss Gerson, and your hatred of Darton, blinds you to the truth."

"What truth?"

"That, on the face of it, Dr. Darton is innocent."

"Innocent! Then who is guilty?"

Mendle expected Lady Cobbin to be nonplussed. But she was not.

"Harriet Lane is guilty," said Lady Cobbin quietly.

CHAPTER IX.

A DEFENCE.

THIS time it was Mendle's turn to be astonished, and he, in his turn, rose to his feet as Lady Cobbin sat down. "Harriet Lane," he breathed, with a blank stare, "you are quite mad."

"There is method in my madness," she informed him.

"But on what grounds——?"

Milady interrupted him. "Listen while I explain," she said, raising her hand to enforce silence. "After reading the report of the inquest, I believed—for the reasons already given—that you would seek my assistance. Therefore, to be ready for you, I arranged to look into the case beforehand. It struck me that Arthur Gerson drove back to the Piccadilly Theatre on leaving the Edgware Road public house."

"Why did it strike you?"

"Sir Samuel Embers—of whom I know much more than is good for him—confessed in his evidence that the boy Paddy O'Toole opened the door of the cab for the young married couple he drove to the theatre at eight o'clock. As Paddy O'Toole was found in Cade Lane, under the cab, he must have reached the City by hanging on behind, since he could have got there in no other way. This argued that Paddy O'Toole must have got on behind the cab, when it left the Piccadilly Theatre; since, as that was the boy's haunt to pick up stray coppers for touting for cabs, it was unlikely that he left before the playgoers came out. On this assumption I determined to go to the Piccadilly Theatre, and ask questions on the half-chance of gaining a clue."

"What sort of a clue?" asked Mendle bluntly.

"The clue of Paddy O'Toole, who knows everything about the murder, I am certain. If the boy's memory would come back the mystery of Gerson's death would be solved. Of course, it was somewhat of a wild-goose chase," said Lady Cobbin apologetically; "still, on the argument that I have stated, I resolved to risk the search. Three nights ago I went to the play, and came out between the acts. A boy offered to get a cab for me. I asked him about Paddy O'Toole, and he stated that he and Paddy and half-a-dozen other boys were employed by Paddy's mother to make money by getting cabs and opening doors and all the rest of it. Mrs. O'Toole, it seems, was usually on the spot to see if the boys did their duty. Then she took their earnings, and gave them board and lodging in some Adelphi slum. I saw the old woman."

"What is she like?"

"A gaunt, raw-boned Irish giantess, with a hungry eye and a grasping hand. She admitted—on receipt of half-a-sovereign—that she knew Sir Samuel Embers well, since he had frequently given her money."

"Quite so," assented the solicitor, recollecting what Embers had said about keeping an eye on the boy through the offices of the mother. "Well?"

"Knowing Sir Samuel, Mrs. O'Toole naturally knew his cab—the colour and number and make. On the night of the murder, some time after ten o'clock, Mrs. O'Toole was at her post watching her boys outside the theatre, and Paddy was with her. She saw Embers' cab arrive, and went to beg a copper. In spite of the fur-coat and cap and goggles and the falling snow, she recognised Arthur Gerson, whom she had frequently seen in her patron's company. She knew his voice, I fancy. At any rate, she began to talk; and, to shut her up and send her away, Arthur Gerson gave her half-a-crown. But Mrs. O'Toole thought that his driving the cab was so strange, seeing that Sir Samuel had been driving earlier in the evening, that she directed Paddy to stick to the cab and learn what it all meant. You see now how the boy got to the City. He obeyed his mother's instructions and hung on behind."

"I see. But what has all this to do with Miss Lane?"

"I am coming to that," said Milady. "Miss Lane, it seems, was only on during the first two acts of the comedy. She came out of the theatre at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, and just when Paddy had been set to watch. Mrs. O'Toole, knowing her by sight and having secured her a cab before, asked her if she wanted one. Miss Lane asked for Sir Samuel's cab, and Mrs. O'Toole pointed it out to her."

"Did Mrs. O'Toole show Miss Lane into the cab?"

"No. It was standing across the street, somewhat in the shadow. Some man came and asked the Irishwoman to get him a hansom, so Miss Lane gave Mrs. O'Toole a shilling and crossed to the cab. She told the chauffeur to drive to the City."

"Did she know that the chauffeur was Arthur, and not Sir Samuel!"

"I can't be sure of that until I ask Miss Lane herself. But she told him to drive to the City."

"Did Mrs. O'Toole tell you that?"

"No," said Lady Cobbin impatiently, "but, as the boy hanging on behind was found in the City, the City must have been the destination of the cab. Miss Lane entered the cab, and it went off!"

"In what direction?"

"Down to the Embankment: you know that is the least crowded way to the City. That is all."

"Harriet Lane is guilty," said Lady Cobbin quietly.

"Oh!" said Mendle sarcastically, "and you accuse Miss Lane, on these premises, of being a murderess?"

"It seems to be pretty good evidence," said Lady Cobbin drily. "At nearly twenty-five past ten o'clock, she entered a vehicle in which her half-brother was strangled at eleven."

"But she was inside and not on the box-seat. How could she——"

Lady Cobbin shrugged and lighted a fourth cigarette. "I really can't build up a case for you, Mr. Mendle. As a lawyer, that is your business. But I will simply state that those motor-broughams, as they really are—those cabs I mean—have windows at the back of the chauffeur. It would be quite easy for Miss Lane to pull down the window or throw it up—I don't know how they act—on some pretence and strangle the man. Her position would make it very easy for her to do so, seeing that she was at his back, and could easily have twisted the pencil into the silk scarf."

"But what motive?"

"Perhaps you can suggest one?"

Mendle thought for a moment. "On the contrary, I can suggest a very strong one why she should not have killed Arthur. By his death she knew that I would be robbed of the money, and it so happens that Miss Lane is in love with me."

"With you?" Milady gave an odd little laugh and ran her eye-glass disdainfully over the meagre form of the lawyer. "That settles the possibility of her having murdered her half-brother certainly. But suppose she mistook Gerson for Embers. What then?"

"She might have done so, and yet she is too clever a woman to make such a mistake. If Mrs. O'Toole recognised Arthur, Miss Lane certainly would not fail to do so, seeing that she knew him much more intimately than did this old beggar-woman. Moreover, she had no reason to kill Sir Samuel. I really don't see how you can fix the guilt on her."

"I never fix the guilt on anyone until I am sure," said the other tartly.

"But you accused Harriet in so many words?"

"I daresay I did. Still, remember, please, that I am groping in the dark and am liable to make mistakes. Also, I accused Miss Lane as I did in order to hear what you would say."

"She is innocent," said Mendle firmly. "Harriet is too kind a woman to commit such a crime. Besides, she hasn't the strength."

"I don't agree with you there, Mr. Mendle. Remember I have seen her on the stage. Miss Lane seem to me to be a very strong woman of the wiry type. However, she may be innocent, although to my mind her position hints at guilt. Gerson was murdered on the cab, and Miss Lane was in the cab. You can make what you like out of it."

"Well," said Mendle, after a pause and biting his fingers, "you blame Harriet, I accuse Darton——"

"Ah, you are biassed in that direction. However, what I want to know is whether I am to take up the case?"

"Yes! Take it up at once—on the old terms."

"No," contradicted Lady Cobbin firmly; "if you get this thousand a year—I mean, this five thousand—you must give me more. However, we can settle that later, as I am quite satisfied that you cannot do without me. Good"—she rose and settled her collar—"I am now definitely engaged to hunt down the murderer of Arthur Gerson. I shall follow up my clue. Meanwhile, leave Dr. Darton alone: you'll only muddle things."

"Oh, I am quite willing to leave the case in your hands. Only I think it right to tell you that Embers is also hunting for the murderer. He hopes to marry Belinda by finding him."

"There seem to me to be a good many cooks," said Lady Cobbin coolly; "but I sha'n't let them spoil my broth. Give me a card to Miss Lane."

"What for?" asked Mendle, astonished.

"I want to ask her questions."

"She won't answer them."

"If she doesn't, I'll go to Scotland Yard and tell what I know. A warrant of arrest will make her speak. The card, please."

Mendle shuffled. "I don't like to introduce you to Miss Lane as a——"

"A spy, you would say," finished the woman coolly, "perhaps not. But to save your feelings I shall go as your friend and client, Lady Cobbin, and shall not resort to arrest until all other measures have failed. You understand, I want the card, or I'll throw over the case."

Mendle gave her the required pasteboard. "But you should call yourself Lady Geoffrey Cobbin. I told you that before."

"I'll call myself what I like," retorted Milady quietly, and turned to the mirror to tilt her Homburg hat at a more becoming angle. "Good day, Mr. Mendle."

"But I want to discuss the case further," protested the lawyer.

"I shouldn't were I you," retorted Milady, filling her silver cigarette-case, "it will only cost you money. You've paid out a guinea as it is, along with the ten shillings I gave Mrs. O'Toole."

"I never agreed to that!" snapped Mendle angrily, "you take too much for granted."

"In fees, I take everything I can get. However, if you want to relieve your mind we can talk out another twenty shillings."

Mendle snatched up his bag and hat and flew precipitately to the door. He knew Lady Cobbin too well to think that she did not mean what she said. As he passed out the inquiry agent laughed. "What a miser you are, Mr. Mendle!" she flung after him. But Mendle was already beyond hearing. Even the calling of unpleasant names might cost him another shilling. Also he would not have been pleased had he heard Milady's comment when entering the case in her books. "There will be pickings out of this affair," said she determinedly, from which speech it can be gathered that the inquiry-agent intended to make as much money as she conveniently could out of Mr. Mendle's difficulties.

(To be continued.)

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

FOR the river, delightful little coatees of holland and linen are being mapped-out, and nearly all of them are relieved by trimmings of a contrasting colour. For the groundwork of the gown a neutral tint is chosen, with strappings of some pale art-shade. Sometimes two pastel tints are combined with excellent effect—such as pale buff and mauve, pale mauve and green, pale blue and pink. For country sports and rambles blouse suits in striped check and plain zephyrs make ideal wear. With ready-made blouse daintily fashioned, with becoming insertions and tucks, and a skirt only requiring to be joined up the back seam, these little costumes, which cost well under a sovereign, are remarkable value.

For River and Lawn.

The new sulphur tint is very becoming in any millinery destined for a dark girl. Although one of the great French milliners has observed that an auburn-haired beauty never looks so lovely as in yellow, yet to English eyes, the blonde can rarely wear this tint with elegance. A charming hat to surmount dark tresses was in crinoline straw of sulphur colour, with shot ribbon in sulphur and pink looped around the crown and arranged in a bow across the back with short ends drooping on the hair. The bandeau was prettily adorned with bunches of tiny pink rose-buds. Another hat, also in sulphur-coloured crinoline, was in the Romney shape, with a long sweeping black feather and loops of black velvet ribbon. This was a most striking looking hat, and the wonderful combination of colouring rendered it suitable in a marvellous degree to either blonde or brunette, provided the intending wearer was possessed of a tall and distinctive style.

For the Brunette.

With the advent of the picturesque Romney hat, the soft flimsy scarf worn gracefully over the shoulders and across the arms will be in evidence. Some of those already in request are very beautiful, in hand-painted chiffon in the most exquisite colours, while others are of fine lace and of crepe de Chine elaborately embroidered at the ends. Extremely pretty are those with lace ends, showing a raised introduction of colour.

Fashion Repeats Herself.

"Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," is a very good motto, but it is not always the truest economy to save the pence. A penny spent on a 'bus ride is often of more value in saving wear and tear on the health than if put into the money-box, from whence it may possibly one day need to be taken to pay the doctor's bill. There are few women with homes of their own who do not need to study economy; but they find it a puzzle sometimes to decide where true thrift ends and false economy begins. A good and plentiful table is deemed by some housewives extravagant; eggs and bacon are regarded as a luxury for Sunday only, and bread-and-butter is good enough to send the children to school upon. In point of fact, this is not so. Money spent on food is a good investment, and nearly always shows a return. Of course, the marketing must be undertaken with discrimination, and the prices of the different shops and seasonable articles studied; but if a choice has to be made between a good dinner every day of the week for her children, or suits of Sunday best for them, the wise mother will not take long to decide. Clothing changes fashion, and wears out rapidly; but good food builds up the constitution and lasts a lifetime in its results.

Penny Wise and Pound Foolish.

Salt, besides being an indispensable ingredient in most of the food we eat, will also be found a very useful item in cleaning. To clean willow furniture apply some salt and water with a small hard brush, scrub well and afterwards dry thoroughly. If salt is sprinkled on any substance burning on the kitchen range or stove it will immediately stop the smoke and smell. Salt thrown upon coals blazing from the fat of broiling chops or steak will cause the flame to subside. If the kitchen chimney should catch alight, a few handfuls of salt will go far towards extinguishing the flames. Cups and saucers often get yellow and discoloured on the inside from tea or from careless washing. The stains will immediately vanish if a little damp salt is rubbed over them at the time of washing. When the carpets are removed, the floors should be washed over with salt and water as that will be found to exterminate any moths or parasites besides being an excellent disinfectant. Yet another use for salt: rub your lamp glasses after washing with a little dry salt and you will secure a brilliant light.

Uses for Salt.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

LADIES ON THE LAWN.

Last week's race meeting at Sandown Park was enhanced by the large number of ladies in beautiful summer frocks who were present on the lawn and in the paddock.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

JULY 27 TO AUG. 2.—The harvesting of various crops will form the principal item in my garden programme this week, and I am lifting my shallots, a process already described. Briefly, the chief point is to select a hot sunny day, then when the shallots have been raised with the garden fork to lay them out in rows to dry, turning them as necessary. When thoroughly dry they may be sorted in sizes if you wish and stored away, a certain amount being set aside for next season's planting. As ground becomes vacant I make a point of digging it without delay, and, where necessary, manuring it. The pace at which weeds accumulate on unworked ground is amazing. Winter greens may be planted in all such ground when the soil has been prepared. The care of the lawn—weeding, constant cutting, and so on—and seed beds for next year's flowering plants take up time just now. Most of us are beginning to earth-up our celery just at present, and I would remind the amateur that the plants need tieing in the trench. If not tied a certain amount of earth and grit is sure to reach the celery hearts and spoil them. Obviously, too, the plants must not be tied so tightly that growth is retarded; an excellent plan is to wind bast spirally round the plants. The leek trenches are also calling for attention.

My Garden Plans.

Though it may seem out of season to mention window-boxes at first glance, I am writing this paragraph as a timely hint to those who would cultivate spring bulbs as decoration for their houses. Those of you who do not already possess such useful ornaments might do worse than arrange for them now, and, personally, I am strongly in favour of cork for decorative purposes on the front. Window-boxes are cheap enough to buy ready-made, and, in any case, their construction presents no great difficulties to the average handy man. Spring bulbs will need to be planted certainly in October, and the work of building boxes might well be put in hand. And if window-boxes outside look so homely and pretty, why not *inside* boxes, particularly for the winter months? Surely the moisture problem could be easily overcome by means of zinc linings and a layer of broken crocs at the bottom. Many sills—certainly those in this house—are wide enough to accommodate a goodly sized box. Anyhow, I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth.

Window Boxes.

In the July number of that excellent shilling monthly the *World's Work* appears a most fascinating article by Mr. G. Clarke Nuttall, B.Sc., entitled "Amazing Results from Drugging Plants," and I should advise every amateur to peruse it. It will open up quite a fresh field for thought. The idea that plant-life is susceptible to chloroform, and ether seems to strike even the thoughtful gardener as an inspiration, yet we read that experiments of this nature have been conducted for many years with increasing success. At first glance it would seem a senseless proceeding to drug a plant, but the astonishing part of the discovery lies in the fact that after a plant has been so dosed it will grow with amazing energy and speed. "Briefly, the process is as follows," writes Mr. Nuttall. "A good-sized box is taken, which must be absolutely air-tight and capable of being hermetically sealed. At the bottom is placed a bed of dry sand, and in this are laid the plants it is desired to treat. . . . Just under the lid of the box, a small vessel is hung to receive the anæsthetic (we will suppose it to be ether), which is poured into it through a small hole in the lid. Directly the ether is in the vessel, the hole must be securely closed. . . . The box is left untouched for about forty-eight hours, during which time the plants are being thoroughly saturated with the vapour; then it is opened, and they are taken out and put into a cool greenhouse, where the ordinary garden treatment begins. The net result is that directly the plants are released they begin to put forth buds and development goes on apace—in fact, they may be almost seen to grow! Thus, lilacs were in full bloom, and, in addition, had abundant leaves, so that they were quite charming decorative plants, a fortnight after they had been placed as dry shrubs in the ether-box." Truly, we live and learn, and there is no need for me to comment on the commercial standpoint in this, the latest scientific discovery in connection with plant-life.

Chloroforming Plant-Life.

Every poultry fancier must have handled backward chicken among his broods, and these puny youngsters need a good deal of special care if they are to succeed. It is little use allowing them to run about with robust, vigorous birds, for the food will all go to big chicks at the expense of the weaker ones. The best plan is to separate the backward birds and keep them to themselves till they have gained strength and size, but if you have not sufficient chicks to make it worth while going to this trouble some plan of separate feeding must be devised. One of the best ideas for this purpose is to make a kind of frame, covered with wire-netting, with a number of holes in the woodwork sufficiently large to admit your small, backward chicks, but too small for the sturdy ones. The weaklings will naturally need better food, too—stuff that will make bone and plenty of it. The notes above apply to youngsters that share a run with adult birds, and a feeding-pen for the chickens should be constructed on the lines suggested.

Backward Chicken.

Speaking of the fancier without broad acres, of him whose accommodation is strictly and emphatically limited, the ideal type of fowl-house is the lean-to. The sides should be constructed of match-boarding, for its draught-proof qualities, and the roof of weather-boards, tarred or felted, that water may not penetrate. The floor should be several inches above the ground, if of wood, and should slope slightly towards the door that it may the more easily be cleaned. If the floor is of cement, this slope is also a useful provision. Perches should be round and of sufficient size for the bird's comfort. The nest-boxes should be raised from the floor-level, and should be covered in such a way that birds cannot roost upon them nor droppings enter. Ventilation is strictly necessary, a constant current of air entering near the floor and passing out under the eaves of the roof. The door should fit snugly, and the trap through which the birds pass be made to close tightly when necessary. A good height and enough space, so that birds are not unhealthily crowded. Such is the ideal poultry-house for the amateur fancier.

The Ideal Poultry-House.

YOUNG GARDENERS.

In the early spring the children connected with the Church of All Saints, Buxton Street, London, E., are given young plants to train for subsequent exhibition. Our photo shows the youngsters conveying the plants, which they have tended, to the exhibition last week.

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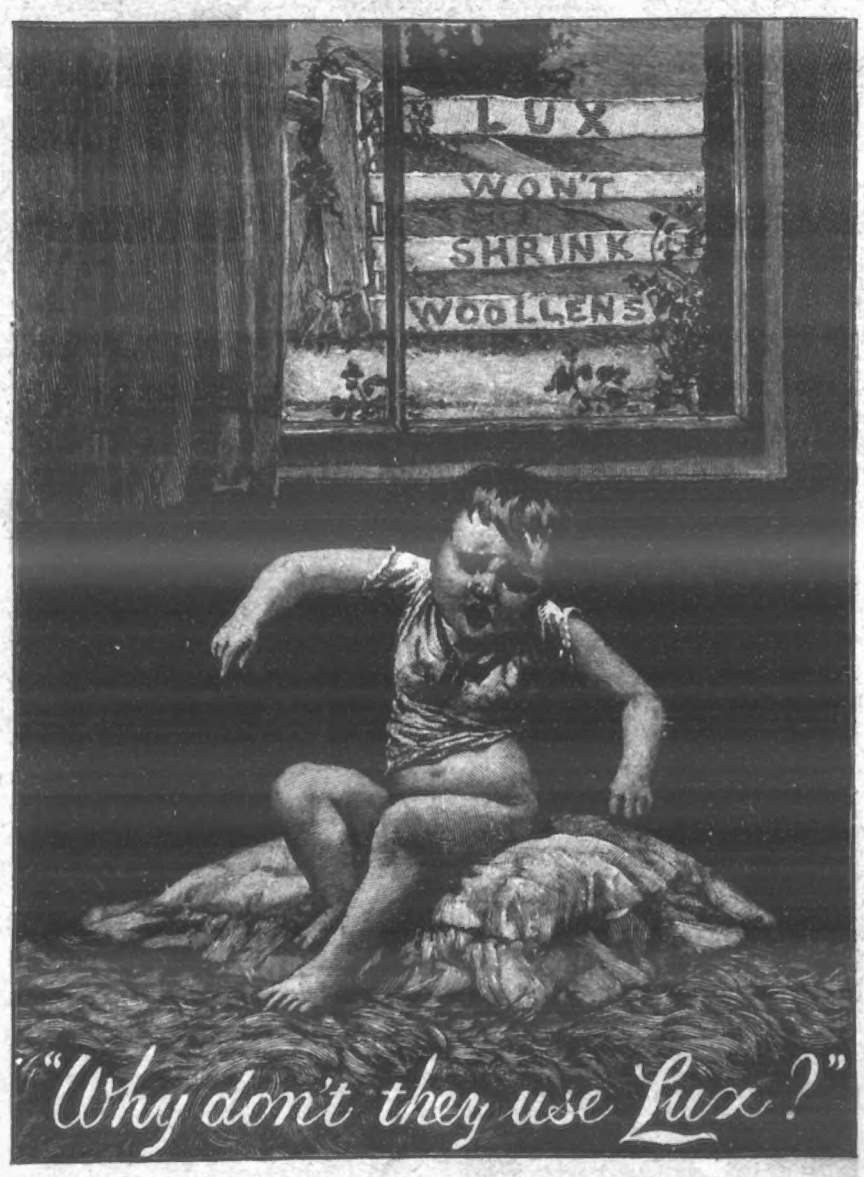

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